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United South Africa "Ten Years After"

The first ministry of the federated South African colonies has been formed, and Louis Botha, who was the captain-general of the Boer forces ten years ago, is prime minister, while Lord Gladstone, the son of the "great commoner," is the first governor-general of the new South African nation. The ministry is considered a coalition body, for there are on it representatives of the British elements of South Africa; but the majority are Boer statesmen and generals, former enemies of British rule in the now peaceful and united commonwealths. Certain extreme tories in England are bitterly disappointed: "the Boers have won," they say, the war for British supremacy might as well never have been undertaken, and the "self-preserving" Dutch are as clannish, stubborn, anti-imperialistic as they ever were. Think, exclaims one tory organ, of a British "opposition" party led by Dr. Jameson, in the South African parliament! Think of the English, with their genius for rulership, taking that place and role in a British colony, with the Boers as the dominant and governing party!

This, however, is the view of a small section of British opinion. Even among the tories there are many who find cause for pride and gratulation in the South African developments. The Boers, they admit, have shown surprising strength and recuperative power, but they are loyal to the empire. They have no intention of reviving acute racial issues, they will work along constitutional and constructive lines, and they will follow reasonably progressive and just

policies. A leading liberal organ, the London *Nation*, is optimistic and even enthusiastic over the South African situation. "A happy revolution" it calls the change that has occurred, and goes on to comment thus:

It is a little more than ten years since the battle of Colenso. Had anyone, on the morrow of that disaster, predicted that in May, 1910, the victorious Boer Commander-in-Chief would be Prime Minister of a United South Africa under the British Crown, that his power would rest on a considerable moiety of the British together with the United Dutch vote, that it would be cheerfully acquiesced in by the British as a whole, and that the possibility of Dr. Jameson serving in his Ministry should be seriously mooted—the prophet would have been regarded as a wild dreamer of dreams.

Autonomy, freedom, generosity and democracy have so far proved remarkably successful in South Africa. There are, however, many problems which the constitution has left to the future, and these Briton and Boer must solve together without dictation from the "mother country." Among these problems the most important is the treatment of the natives—their suffrage rights, their education, their citizenship and protection. The present programs of the political parties deal with taxation, tariff policy, land reform, the question of language in the schools, etc. Premier Botha and some of his associates are known as broad-minded and moderate men, and it will be their aim to attract more and more British support and thus remove the ground for the attacks to which the ministry is now exposed to some extent.



Egyptian Nationalism vs. English Rule

Alike in Egypt and in England Mr. Roosevelt warmly defended British rule in the ancient land of the Pharaohs. "You have," he said at Guildhall to his hosts, "given Egypt better government than she has had in 2,000 years," at least. He had previously told the Egyptians that self-government was a delusion and snare for a people insufficiently educated or developed to assume the burdens and prerogatives of government. The Egyptian nationalists, whose movement has steadily grown and has now reached formidable

proportions, were offended and disappointed by Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments, and so have been many English radicals and liberals, to say nothing of Irish nationalists. But, after all, the question that has been so acutely raised in Egypt is one of fact. The policy that has been followed with splendid results in Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, and even in India—where natives now participate in every phase of administration and have a voice in the inner executive council—cannot be and will not be repudiated in Egypt.

Whether the Egyptian nationalists are justified in demanding a constitution and early introduction of autonomous government is a question to be decided by those who best know the country and understand the character and the temper of the Egyptian masses. Sir Eldon Gorst, the present British "proconsul" in Egypt, has been charged with excessive amiability and sentimentality, with unduly encouraging native aspirations, but his predecessor and former chief, Lord Cromer, who governed Egypt for thirty years, and is now regarded as the highest authority on the politics, industrial conditions, moral and religious sentiments of the Egyptians (in so far as these sentiments affect submission to authority and obedience to law) is by no means a resolute foe of liberal policies in that strangely administered dependency. In his recent work on Egypt he distinctly advocates the gradual introduction of self-government in that country. He does not contemplate actual independence for Egypt, but he recognizes the necessity of meeting the educated and patriotic nationalists half way in certain directions and of increasing their political power and importance. Sir Eldon Gorst, in dealing with trying problems inherited from the Cromer regime, refused to offend native sentiment needlessly, or to suppress freedom of speech and publication. Neither he nor the liberal government of England has held out the slightest encouragement to the more aggressive element of Egyptian nationalism, which is opposed to British "occupation" or rule. Unfortunately, in Egypt, as in India, some of the nationalist agitators and their hot headed disciples have

preached or condoned violence and assassination. One young nationalist fanatic, Wardani, killed the most prominent of Egyptian statesmen and ministers, Boutros Pasha, because he was too "opportunist" and too friendly to the British. For that outrage Wardani was condemned to death, but native sentiment did not sustain the verdict. Even the ecclesiastical head of the Mohammedan religious community, the Grand Mufti, refused to confirm the verdict.

Whether the whole nationalist movement is justly chargeable with approval of political murder is at least an open question, but in any event the question of the future of Egypt will not be determined by acts of sporadic terror, but by weighty and fundamental considerations of colonial and imperial policy. England has done great work in Egypt in raising the whole standard of living, improving agriculture, regulating justice and enforcing order and security. But the better her work, the greater her success along economic and social lines, the stronger will be the nationalist movement. Wise and unselfish colonial policy leads to self-government. To educate, emancipate, elevate oppressed and enslaved people is to remove the need and the justification of despotic government of them by aliens.



Taxing Unearned Increments of Landowners

In England the proposal to tax the unearned increment of urban and suburban land has been fiercely condemned as confiscation, revolution and anarchy. The weight that attaches to such invective and political vehemence may be judged from the fact that in conservative Prussia, where socialism, democracy and radicalism are desperately resisted by the privileged and aristocratic classes, scores of municipalities are actually obtaining millions from a tax on the unearned increment of land value. In Germany at large over a hundred cities and towns resort to this tax, and it is stated in a Berlin dispatch that at this time the aggregate amount thus levied reaches \$125,000,000.

Moreover, the imperial government has introduced a bill in the Reichstag making the tax imperial and dividing the proceeds with the states and the municipalities. This bill followed a previous formal notice of intention to establish an imperial tax on unearned increment. The social democrats approve of this tax, but the government and the municipal councils do not admit that it is "socialistic" or inconsistent with private property.

What is unearned increment? Profit which results not from the owner's labor, capital or combined investment of both factors in land, but from the mere growth of population, industry, wealth, art. A man pays \$5,000 for a piece of land; he does nothing to improve it; the city develops, and in five years the land is worth, say, \$7,000. The money would have earned interest, but it could not have earned \$2,000 in that period. The extra profit is "unearned increment," the creation of "the community," rather than of the individual owner.

The single taxers would tax away the whole of this unearned increment, since, as they argue, it belongs to the community; but neither the English liberal-radical-labor party nor the German moderates and conservatives who are already levying a tax on this "increment" would go to any such length. Mr. Lloyd-George wishes to take twenty per cent. of future unearned increments, while in Germany the tax varies. Berlin and its twin city, Charlottenburg, maintain a progressive scale of taxation, the maximum being twenty-five per cent. A small increment is generally exempted by the municipalities, and doubtless the imperial measure will likewise provide for such exemption. The tax is to be progressive and will also vary with the length of the period during which the unearned increment has accrued.

It has been asked by opponents of this tax why land should be discriminated against, and other forms of property left undisturbed no matter how much unearned incre-

ment they accumulate. Do not authors, artists, merchants, bankers profit by the growth of population and wealth? it is asked. The man, for example, who writes for a constituency of 10,000 put no more labor and skill into a book than he does when he commands a public ten times as great; why should he keep the unearned increment? The answer generally made is that land is limited in quantity; that the justice of the tax on its unearned increment of value is clearer than in the case of other property; that it is easier and less expensive to collect the tax than in other cases; that in the future it may indeed be extended to other incomes and property.

On this continent Vancouver has voted to introduce the single tax on land values, while several American cities are asking for home rule in taxation with the intention either of taxing unearned increment or increasing the tax on land generally and exempting personal property of the intangible kinds. The idea of taxing the unearned increment of land is undoubtedly spreading, and students of taxation will pay more attention to it than they have paid in the past. Several states have commissions to investigate the subject of revenue and taxation, to recommend changes and point out the best way to do away with gross inequality and injustice. It will be interesting to see how they will treat the question of taxing land exclusively, or chiefly, or of taking away part of the unearned increment.



Goldwin Smith as Man and Thinker

The death of Goldwin Smith was a real loss to the thinking and educated elements of Canada, of the United States and of the English-speaking world as a whole. His advanced age and poor health had naturally prepared his admirers for the sad event, but it came as a shock nevertheless, for the removal of a real personality, a great mind, an exceptionally gifted intellect from our busy, strenuous, mys-

terious sphere of multifarious activities is always a shock to the intelligent and earnest.

Goldwin Smith would have had a brilliant career had he remained in England as historian, teacher, publicist. When he was still a young man great things were expected and predicted of him. His early lectures as Oxford professor, his articles in periodicals, revealed force, independence, sound scholarship, courage of conviction. He started as a philosophical liberal or even radical, and he fought in many battles for emancipation and progress. He advocated religious toleration, democratic suffrage laws, justice and equality in legislation and government.

He spent but a few years in the United States, holding a chair at Cornell. He settled in Canada, became a voluminous contributor to the daily press of Toronto and New York, wrote pamphlets, magazine articles and books, and created an absolutely unique place for himself. He acted for decades the part of a detached, vigorous, fearless guide and interpreter. Politics, economics, ethics and religion interested him deeply, and he discussed a variety of topics under these heads with candor and acumen, his clear, strong, masterly style adding greatly to the attractiveness and charm of his writings.

In his declining years Goldwin Smith found himself isolated politically. He had long and openly advocated the union of Canada and the United States—he did not like the term “annexation”—and he had incurred reproach and hostility by adhering to his belief in such union in the teeth of adverse development—the Boer war, the wave of imperialism, the tariff troubles between Canada and the United States, the manifest disappearance of annexation sentiment in Canada. Mr. Smith maintained to the end that manifest destiny enjoined such union and would bring it about.

To political radicalism, socialism and other modern tendencies Mr. Smith was firmly opposed. He wrote in criticism of the Asquith ministry and the Lloyd-George budget,

and favored a second chamber while advising the lords to surrender the hereditary or aristocratic principle of their house. Affairs in Russia, Germany and France interested him almost as much as those of the English-speaking nations. He occasionally made erroneous observations concerning current measures and movements, but he always intended to encourage sanity, moderate liberalism, progress in public life.

In religion he emphasized morality and righteousness but finally showed a strong disposition to modify his earlier agnosticism. He believed that the universe was governed on moral and rational principles, and was tending to some divine purpose. At all times he defended investigation, reverent doubt, the open mind and a readiness to follow truth wherever it led, satisfied that, man's spiritual nature being what it is, the scientific truth cannot lead to despair or pessimism.



The "Freedom of the Press"

Leading periodicals and newspapers have for months been engaged in a discussion of the American newspaper and weekly as known to us today. One magazine has published a series of articles from many writers to show that the influence of the editorial "leader" has declined; that commercialism and sensationalism are largely the causes of that decline; that publishers do not hesitate to suppress news in the interest of big advertisements, or of powerful financial and commercial bodies with which advertisers are affiliated; that labor and reform matters of great importance receive little or no attention either because they are considered "dull" or else because they might offend the men of "big business;" that consistency, principle, courage of conviction are rare in newspaper offices today, and that the whole tendency has been steadily downward—toward triviality, gossip, scandal, the faking of "scoops," the exploita-

tion of vice and immorality, the tabooing of serious and solid discussion of national, state and local problems.

Of course, it is admitted that certain newspapers and weeklies have resisted the insidious influences and remained true to their professed ideals and to the moral obligations of so all-conquering a profession—a profession that has all but monopolized the education of the masses of the adult population. But the list of truly independent, self-respecting, non-commercialized, able and progressive newspapers, weeklies and monthlies, as generally made up by the critics of the press, is discouragingly short. Moreover, they fear that the acute struggle for existence, the increasing dependence on advertising, and the absurdly low price of papers, will drive the fit survivors to the wall or force them to make concessions to vulgar tastes and selfish demands of the new "tyrants," the powerful advertisers and "interests."

And what is proposed as a remedy? Some writers advocate an endowed newspaper or chain of endowed newspapers. If millionaires endow theaters, opera, concerts, art galleries, why should they not endow newspapers and make them independent of the counting room, of big and little advertisers, of cliques and interests? The answer usually made by objectors is that endowed newspapers would have few readers and little practical independence, and, moreover, that the ordinary commercial press is steadily improving, as a matter of fact, and finding out that the majority of readers do not care for sensationalism and triviality. After all, it is urged, the standards and tastes of the public determine the standards and policies of the great papers. The public will get the sort of things it likes, and it is futile to force on it artificial institutions or artificial reforms. Education, intelligence, decency will create its own press—is, in point of fact creating its own press—and the evils deplored in journalism are transitory, the result of sudden changes and new conditions. A readjustment is certain, and it will be a readjustment consistent with morality, good taste and advanced principles.

That the discussion of the status and tendencies of the press is practical may be inferred from the fact that in New England a number of dissatisfied citizens interested in civic, political and social reform have started a weekly, *The Boston Common*, to do the work which, they complain, the commercial press neglects or refuses to do. The *raison d'être* of this periodical is thus explained by its backers:

One hundred and thirty-nine citizens have furnished the capital for publishing *The Boston Common* on a basis of one vote each in the affairs of the company regardless of the amount of stock held. No person can subscribe for less than \$100 or more than \$1,000 of stock. A list of stockholders may be had on application. The motive of the organization is to publish for Boston and New England a weekly journal of politics, industry, letters and criticism, the primary purpose of which is public service rather than private profit, and to secure for this publication absolute freedom from partisanship, sectarianism, prejudice and the control and muzzling of "influence." The paper stands for the progress of New England and Boston, believes in a great future for both, and will heartily coöperate with every man, woman, corporation and society that will honestly work to make the best of the present and will not be satisfied with anything short of greatness for the future.

The Boston experiment has attracted considerable attention, and one of the best newspapers suggests that the same coöperative plan might be tried on a daily instead of a weekly, whose circulation and influence will necessarily be limited.



The Life of Immigrants and Starvation Wages

A "social survey"—more limited than the now famous Pittsburg survey, from which considerable good has resulted—has been undertaken by charity and religious workers at Buffalo. Special attention has been paid to the life in the foreign colonies, particularly the Poles, as Buffalo has the largest Polish "colony" of our cities except Chicago. Very little study has been given to the wages and living standards of the newer immigration, Italian, Greek and Slavic, though an excellent work on the Slavs in America has just appeared in which this phase of the general subject receives some treatment. It is known in a general way that the new immigrants take

work at wages which Americans or "Americanized" foreigners would scornfully reject. This is natural to some extent—first, because their ignorance and need render them helpless, and second, because even our lowest wage seems high to them in comparison with those paid in "the old country." If the immigrant feels that he betters himself by coming to America, the question whether he gets what he deserves and earns is somewhat beside the point in his case.

Still, if our great corporations take advantage of the new immigrants and force them to accept starvation wages, the community has an interest—physical, moral and social—in the matter. What are the social effects of starvation wages, or overwork, or both? The Buffalo survey throws much light on this question.

It appears that sixty-four per cent. of the Polish laborers there receive less by \$260, and thirty-two per cent. less by \$110, than the minimum yearly wage required for family subsistence. What are the results? Here, it is asserted, are a few of them:

A high infant death rate as compared with the infant death rate among the non-Polish population.

Underfed families to whom all the decencies of life are denied, with resultant disease, danger of spreading it, pauperism and dependence.

Limited ownership of property and absence of those civic interests and responsibilities which are fostered by property and thrift.

Excessive burdens on charitable bodies and the taxing of the great public for the indirect benefit of corporations that can well afford to pay their employees proper wages.

Increased difficulty in assimilating the congested foreign colony and making desirable citizens of its units.

In connection with the Buffalo survey may be mentioned the report of the federal bureau of labor on the conditions and pay in the Bethlehem Steel works, where totally unorganized foreigners were driven to maintain a long strike. From a summary of that report it appears that "out of every one hundred men" employed in those works there are—

29 working seven days every week.

43 including these twenty-nine, working some Sundays in the month.

51 working twelve hours a day.

25 working twelve hours a day seven days a week.

46 earning less than two dollars a day.

And such things occur in spite of high protection, great prosperity, abundant opportunity. We shall have to study labor conditions among immigrants more closely and systematically hereafter. Such figures as the above bear on citizen making, on our future civilization, on problems of health, morals, government.



Congress, Taft, Roosevelt and the Political Situation

We are in the "throes" of a congressional campaign, and there are those who predict a Democratic House next year. But, whatever happens at the polls in November, impartial observers cannot fail to recognize that recent developments have put a wholly new face on the national political situation. There is comparative peace where a few months ago there was fierce warfare; there is optimism in quarters where there was dark pessimism and despair; there is satisfaction where there was bitterness.

Col. Roosevelt is back; Congress adjourned in a happy frame of mind; the Taft administration points with pride to the practical realization of nearly all its promises for the "long session," the carrying out of its entire program of legislation, and the improved outlook for the party in power; the progressives and insurgents are claiming credit for the best features of the new measures on the statute books; the regulars and conservatives, without denying that the insurgents were met half way in several directions, assert that it is *their* moderation, skill and reasonableness which saved the session and converted threatened failure into distinct success. "We are all progressives now," it may almost be said, and Mr. Roosevelt, whose self-imposed silence will soon end, will find few avowed enemies within his party. The Taft policies are the Roosevelt policies in a new, slightly modified version, and none of the stalwart "standpatters" ventures to declare himself an active opponent of those pol-

icies. The important measures that Congress enacted in the final weeks of the session, and in which, by common consent, we find either a "clinching" or a necessary extension of the Roosevelt measures, are the following:

1. The railroad bill. This was "the backbone of the administration program." It was prepared by the Attorney General and amended freely in the Senate and House. In its final form it was reasonably satisfactory to all parties. Its passage was a victory for the President and his "regular" supporters, but some of its provisions owe their strength to insurgent-progressive work and agitation. The act as approved creates a Court of Commerce to determine appeals from the commerce commission; materially increases the power and initiative of the latter body; puts the burden of proof on the carriers when new rates are proposed, and effects various minor changes in the existing law, besides extending its scope so as to cover telegraph companies. There are no provisions in it for the control of railroad finance—prevention of inflation of securities, regulation of the issue of stocks and bonds—for the valuation of the physical property and assets of the railroads, or the formation of pooling arrangements and traffic agreements under supervision. Agreement on these difficult matters was found to be impossible, and they had to be dropped for the time being. A commission, however, is to investigate the subject of railroad finance and recommend legislation to another Congress. It is the general opinion that the act is drastic and highly favorable to shippers without, however, necessarily involving any injustice to the railroads.

2. The postal saving banks bill. The passage of this measure was President Taft's greatest "single" victory. It had few sincere friends among the "regulars," while the insurgents and progressives were dissatisfied with some of the provisions of the House substitute for the Senate bill. Yet executive persistence and labor put it through in a form which is acceptable to the majority of the advocates of the idea. The act as it stands is experimental. A board will

open postal depositaries where it may find them necessary and advisable. The deposits will be kept in the banks of the localities where they originate, but thirty per cent. of the total may be invested in national and other securities, and a five per cent. reserve must be kept in the Treasury. The government will pay 2 per cent. interest on the deposits and charge the banks a little more—sufficient to cover the running expenses and avert loss. The creation of these postal banks is "a new departure" for the United States—some see "socialism" in it—but the experience of the other civilized countries shows that liberty and property and individual character are tolerably safe in spite of such institutions.

3. The land withdrawal bill. This is the first and most fundamental of the "conservative" measures. It gives the executive power to withdraw public land from entry and settlement for purposes of classification and proper regulation. The lack of such power has necessitated the stretching of presidential "discretion" and has led to bitter controversy over law vs. "usurpation" in the conservation movement.

4. The statehood bill. To this measure, also there was much determined opposition, political and other. Many believe that it is a mistake to admit Arizona and New Mexico, with their racial and educational problems growing out of the Indian-white differences, their small population, etc., to the Union of "sovereign" states. But the platforms of the two great parties had promised these last of our "continental" territories immediate statehood, and the President insisted on the fulfillment of that promise. The statehood act contains unusual safeguards and restrictions. The constitutions to be worked out by the territorial conventions will require the approval of both the executive and Congress. This is a guaranty against "erratic" features, discrimination or injustice to any element of the population.

5. The appropriation of \$250,000 to enable a small "tariff board" of persons named by the President to investi-

gate generally, and make reports to the President. This is regarded as the germ of a real and independent "tariff commission" and the first step toward proper, scientific and non-political tariff-making. The dissatisfaction with the new tariff is as profound as it was after its enactment; it is still denounced as a fraud and farce; but the investigations of the tariff board may yield material for further revision of certain schedules and rates.

6. A group of minor but progressive and desirable bills relating to employers' liability, the creation of a bureau of mines, white slavery, increased safety in railroad travel, and, last but not least, publicity for contributions to congressional campaigns. The last-named measure is lame and insufficient, but it is one of the proverbial "steps in the right direction." We are moving toward the right sort of an anti-corrupt practice act, an act directed not only against improper expenditures, corrupt use of money in elections, but against excessive use of money for legitimate purposes. Such reforms are slow but sure. The agitation against graft and bribery and secrecy in campaigns is gradually bearing fruit.

The above list makes a very creditable and satisfactory record, and it has undoubtedly caused a decided change in public sentiment with regard to Congress and the Taft administration. The President, it is realized, worked hard for several measures and urged publicly and privately the duty, as well as the expediency, of redeeming party promises and carrying out the mandate of the people as issued in the light of the party platform.

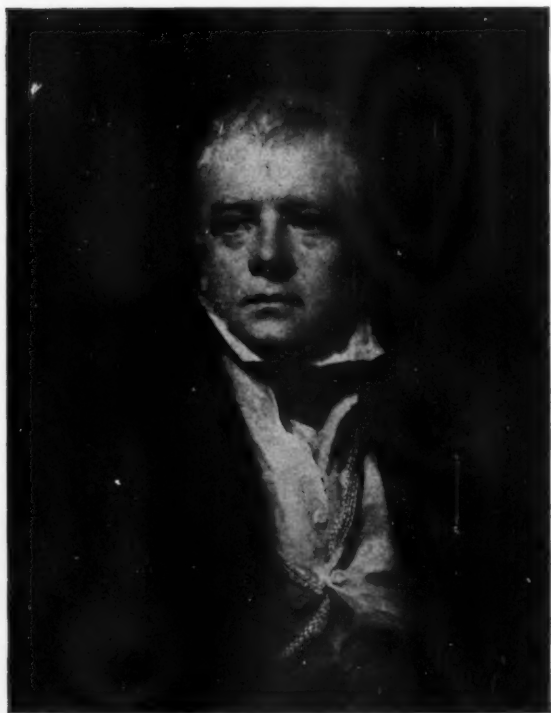
The Taft administration, it may be added, strengthened itself considerably in the country by the action it took on the question of "arbitrary" rate advances by the eastern and western carriers. "The big stick" was tried—in the shape of a sweeping injunction under the Sherman anti-trust act—to compel the carriers to submit proposed increases to the commerce commission. That was a startling surprise to the

country, but it met with wide approval. The carriers protested that they had not "conspired" to raise rates and restrain competition, but they preferred peace with the shippers and the administration, and agreed, at the suggestion of the President, to await the enactment of the then pending railroad bill and abide by its principles. That was naturally considered a substantial victory for the administration.

If Congress and the administration had failed, or if the history of the tariff act had been repeated in connection with the other important legislative measures, the return of Col. Roosevelt would have been made the occasion for a "third term" boom. As it is, the welcome demonstrations, imposing as they were, had little political significance. Mr. Roosevelt himself has refused to discuss politics, and there is every reason to believe that when he breaks his silence he will heartily recognize the good and constructive work of the administration that he did so much create. He will not encourage factionalism or mere hysteria, it is safe to say, and our politics will doubtless proceed along fairly rational and healthy lines, without premature booms or injustice to the present administration.



John Knox



Sir Walter Scott

A Reading Journey

Through Scotland

I. Historical Sketch.

By Josephine Helena Short

Former Secretary of the Gulick School for Spanish Girls. Author of "Oberammergau."

SCOTLAND, by virtue of its position and formation, was destined to become the battle field of nations. For this reason, though its area is only about three-fifths of the size of the state of New York, almost every rod of its ground has a story so full of bitter strife that it seems as if its very rivers must have run blood. Happily through nearly every tale runs a thread of romance.

GEOGRAPHY

The sea washes every side of Scotland save seventy-five miles on the English frontier, and there are many important islands on its West and North. Along its rugged coast large arms of the sea called firths run far inland and form the mouths of some of the principal rivers. It is filled with lakes famed for their beauty, and they form the greater part of the level surface of the country which is mountainous from the Cheviots to the Grampians. With England on the South, Ireland on the West, and Norway on the East, it was inevitable that the land should suffer from constant invasion.

ROMANS IN SCOTLAND

There are no records till the Roman general Agricola marched north in 80 B. C., when he found a tribe of Celts, whom he named Caledonii (Caledonians). The Gaelic Celts called Picts ("painted people") because they stained their bodies blue, occupied the greater part of North Britain, while in the South, Strathclyde, lived the branch, Brythones, from which the word "Briton" is derived.

The Romans occupied Britain for nearly four centuries, but in the north, except for remnants of fortifications from the Clyde to the Forth and from the Solway to the Tyne, they have left but few traces. It was during the latter part of the Roman period that St. Ninian, the first Christian missionary, worked in Scotland.

For nearly a century and a half the light of history as far as North Britain is concerned is very dim. As it becomes brighter we find two more races installed there—the Scots, who came from Ireland and founded on the West coast a kingdom called Dalriada; and the Angles, who crossed the German Ocean and established in the East a kingdom called Bernicia. These four main divisions were always at war with one another.

The Celtic name of North Britain was Alban; it was not called Scotland till the eleventh century. Up to that time "Scotia" was used only as the name for Ireland.

CHRISTIANITY

The history of Scotland really begins about 563 A. D. with the landing of Columba, the Irish missionary, in Iona, a part of the Dalriadic kingdom. Columba was of royal descent and had been a leader as well as a missionary in his native land. His work was independent of the Church of Rome, and his settlement at Iona became the Christian center of North Britain for many a year.

Columba's first act was to preach Christianity to the Picts whose religion was Druidism. He went north to the palace of the Pictish king on the banks of the Ness. King Brude refused to open the palace gates for the stranger, whereupon Columba made the sign of the cross and placed his hand on the gates, which flew open of their own accord. The king, deeply impressed by this exhibition of power, welcomed Columba and listened to his teachings. The Christianizing of the Picts was a great step toward the civilization and the union of North Britain.

Another missionary, St. Mungo or Kentigern, brought

Christianity to the inhabitants of Strathclyde. While Edwin of Deira, the traditional founder of Edinburgh, was ruling Northumbria, which at that time included Bernicia, Paullinus of York made him a strong convert. One of his successors sent to Iona for a preacher, and thus Christianity came to Bernicia not from Rome but from the Celtic center, Iona. In Bernicia Aidan, the missionary, founded the monastery of Melrose, whence St. Cuthbert, a monk of the Irish church, became the chief missionary of Lothian.* Irish Christianity was fundamentally different from that of the Church of Rome, and at this time a stern rivalry sprang up between them, but before the middle of the next century the greater part of North Britain had become Roman. This was another step ahead, for the Roman Church was the center of civilization, and wherever it was established its civilizing influence was felt.

UNION OF THE THRONES

All this time struggles were going on among the kingdoms. In 844 A. D. Kenneth Macalpin became king of the united Picts and Scots. During the next two centuries the wars for possession waged fiercely. The most important event of this period was Malcolm II's conquest of the Northumbrians, who ceded to him Lothian, north of the Tweed† whose English race had a marked influence over the destinies of the Scottish people. Duncan I, immortalized in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," inherited the kingdom of Strathclyde, and thus the kingdom of Scotland was formed out of the early kingdoms of North Britain.

During these two centuries the foreign enemies, Norwegians and Danes, made frequent incursions into Scotland and at last set up two earldoms, one in the Hebrides, the great islands off the west coast of Scotland, the other in the Orkneys on the North and also in the provinces of Sutherland and Caithness.

*Lothian was the northern part of Bernicia.

†About fifty years earlier Edinburgh had become a possession of the kings of Alban.

Duncan's son ascended the throne as Malcolm III, called Canmore (Bighead). He had spent many years at the court of Edward the Confessor, and brought to Scotland English influences which were strengthened by his marriage to the Saxon Margaret.

NORMANS IN SCOTLAND

When the Norman conquest of England was complete and William turned his attention to Scotland, Malcolm became his vassal, but he was not submissive, for whenever opportunity offered he made attacks on Northumberland. When Rufus, the Conqueror's son, invaded Scotland, Malcolm renewed his vassalage, but in an ensuing quarrel he and his eldest son, Edward, were treacherously slain. Margaret, who was called St. Margaret on account of her good deeds, probably did even more for the good of Scotland than did Malcolm. Under her English influence the home of the Scottish king developed some pretensions to luxury and refinement. She was interested in all public affairs and yet combined with these worldly propensities great piety. She and Malcolm built the church of Dunfermline where they were both buried.

Malcolm's reign was followed by dissension, but during the next two centuries civilization increased in Scotland, and she became sufficiently united to shake off her vassalage and to declare her independence as a nation. Alexander brought Scotland and England more closely together by marrying the daughter of Henry I.

DAVID I, THE "SCOTTISH ALFRED"

As Alexander died without an heir his brother David (1124-1153) became king of the whole realm and "gave to Scotland a civilization which was, for the time being, superior to that of England or France." His marriage with Matilda of Northumberland gave him English titles and large holdings, and he brought into the country Norman nobles on whom he bestowed offices and grants of land, while he aided the development of the burghs or free towns. True

son of Margaret in his piety he built and endowed many new churches and abbeys, among them Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh and Holyrood.

David was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm, whose reign was short and stormy, as was that of his successor, William the Lion, who was seized by Henry II and bought his freedom only by acknowledging the feudal authority of England. Richard I, the Lion hearted, sold the superiority over Scotland to obtain money for a crusade, and thus Scotland regained her independence.

Alexander II sided with the barons against King John in the struggle which resulted in the giving of the Magna Charta. Alexander III, the last king of the Celtic race, was "crowned at Scone on the famous Stone of Destiny on which another king of Scots was never again to sit." His reign was the last period of quiet that Scotland was to know for a long time.

ENGLAND URGES HER SUPREMACY

At Alexander's death his only heir was his granddaughter, Margaret, the Maid of Norway, whom Edward I of England wished to betroth to his son and who died on her way to Scotland. There were many claimants to the Scottish throne, the chief being Robert Bruce and John Balliol, both descendants of David I. Edward decided for Balliol who swore homage to him. Edward now spoke of the two countries as "united," but the Scots were not subservient, and a treaty concluded in 1295 between Scotland and France was the beginning of a friendship that lasted three hundred years and long made Scotland the enemy of England. After the making of this treaty Edward entered Scotland, seized John Balliol, and when he returned to the South took from Scone the Stone of Destiny which is now a part of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

WILLIAM WALLACE

In Scotland's hour of need a leader appeared, William Wallace, the great national hero. He defeated the English



North Britain (Old Scotland)



Modern Scotland

at Stirling Bridge (1297) and was appointed Guardian of Scotland, but his infantry was overpowered by Edward's armored horsemen in the battle of Falkirk. Later Wallace was betrayed into the hands of the English who had him killed and quartered and the pieces hung up as a warning in Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling and Perth.

ROBERT BRUCE

Young Robert Bruce, grandson of that Bruce who claimed the Scottish throne on the death of the Maid of Norway, was fired by the example of the bravery of Wallace to claim his birthright, the Scottish crown, and to free Scotland. He killed the only other claimant to the throne, the "Red Comyn," and hurried to Scone where he was crowned King of the Scots, but without any of the Scottish regalia which Edward had taken to England. A band of gold served as the crown.

Edward was enraged by Bruce's revolt and started north but died before he reached the Scottish boundary. He ordered his son to go forward carrying his bones at the head of the army. Edward II, however, was weak, and little by little Bruce conquered Scotland, at last putting the English force to rout at the battle of Bannockburn which has been called "the greatest event in Scottish history before the Reformation." It was fourteen years, however, before England acknowledged Scotland's independence.

Under King Robert there met an important assembly, a national council, to which the king summoned representatives from the royal burghs. The Parliament from that time combined the Three Estates of King, Lords and Commons.

When Robert died in 1329 his son David was only five years old, and Scotland suffered from the evil that so often befell her, the long minority of her ruler. David II was anointed and crowned at Scone. Edward Balliol, son of John, aided by Edward III of England, endeavored to seize the throne, and had himself crowned at Scone (1332). David was captured at the battle of Nevil's Cross and was kept a

prisoner in London for eleven years, during which time the Regent was Robert the Steward, son of King Robert Bruce's daughter, Marjorie, and Walter Fitzalan, the Steward of land. Finally, for an enormous ransom which burdened Scotland for many a year, David was set free. He died in 1371.

THE STUARTS

At David's death the Scots proclaimed Robert the Steward King Robert II. The most notable struggle of his reign was the battle of Chevy Chase, in which the contestants fought the whole night through by the light of the August moon. Harry Percy (Shakespeare's "Hotspur" of "King Henry IV") was taken prisoner, and the Scots lost one of their leaders, Douglas. Robert III was even weaker than his father, and the regency of the Duke of Albany was continued. The Duke of Rothesay, heir to the throne, died in prison.* James, the eleven-year-old second son, whom Robert sent to France to be educated in safety, was captured on the voyage by an English vessel and carried to London where he was kept prisoner until he was twenty-eight years old. Then the English government released him—charging some forty thousand pounds for his education and expenses!—and he went back to Scotland with an English bride of royal blood, Lady Joan Beaufort. James I (1424-1437), the Poet King, author of "The King's Quhair," was a man of strong character, energetic in pacifying the Lowlands, in defeating the Highlands, and in ruling the kingdom through a semi-representative Parliament. The Scottish magnates formed a conspiracy and murdered him at Perth in the presence of the Queen.

During the long minority of James II (1437-1460) the feudal lords, among whom members of the Douglas family were especially turbulent, fought for the possession of the young king and for the authority. Though he made some good laws the reign of James II was not noteworthy. His

*He was starved to death while in the custody of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. The story is told in "The Fair Maid of Perth."

son, James III, loved quiet and cared more for learning and art than for statecraft. In a battle fought against the nobles at Sauchieburn James disappeared from the field. His body was found in an old mill not far from the scene of battle where he was doubtless murdered.

With the reign of James IV (1488-1513) the Middle Age was coming to a close, the feudal magnates were losing their power, the revival of letters and the invention of printing were spreading new ideas abroad, and the discovery of the New World was promoting the growth of trade and conquest. Henry VII, the first of the great Tudor rulers, gave his daughter, Margaret, in marriage to James. In order to become better acquainted with his subjects he went among them freely, often in disguise. He subdued the Highlands and Islands, established courts in the principal towns, and in various ways trained his people for war, while he founded King's College in Aberdeen and carried out Robert Bruce's plans for establishing a navy. When thirty heretics called Lollards were brought before him James took no action against them, but good-naturedly ended their trial as a jest, thus leaving a spark that kindled into a flame at the Reformation.

The fiery young Henry VIII was a very different ruler from his father. When (in 1513) he invaded France James decided to strike a blow for the friend and ally of Scotland. He collected a large army and crossing the Tweed, was defeated and slain in the bloody battle of Flodden Field.

James's son, who was crowned as King James V (1513-1542), was under two years of age at his father's death, and during his minority there was constant strife among the nobles. He married Madeleine, the daughter of the king of France, and brought her to Scotland with great pomp. She lived only two months. He then married Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the powerful Duke of Guise. James and Mary were devout Catholics and upheld the authority of the Church, appointing ecclesiastics to the highest offices. Such

a step confirmed the nobles in their leaning toward the principles of the Reformation. In 1542 Henry VIII sent an army across the border and routed the Scottish forces at Solway Moss. Soon after James took to his bed with a broken heart. When word was brought that a daughter had been born to him he was not comforted but said that the crown had come to his family through a woman (Marjory Eruce who had married Walter the High Steward) and would go with a woman. "It cam with ane lass and it will pass with ane lass." In a few days he died, but a little beyond his thirtieth year.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

During Mary's minority there were two regents, the Earl of Arran, a man of little force of character, and after him the Queen Mother, Mary of Lorraine, a woman of education, ability and power. Henry VIII tried to unite England and Scotland by betrothing his son to Mary, but the anti-English party opposed the union. Mary was crowned on September 9, 1543, and the next year Henry sent forces into Scotland which burned Holyrood and much of Edinburgh, but which were heavily defeated at Ancrum Moss near Jedburgh in the battle of which Sir Walter Scott sings in his ballad, "The Eve of St. John." A few months later the English destroyed many beautiful church buildings, among them Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Roxburgh.

In the meantime Protestantism had been making its way in Scotland. Among its leaders was George Wishart, who was tried for heresy by Cardinal Beaton, and burned at St. Andrews in 1546. Three months later the Cardinal himself was assassinated, and when the conspirators were punished the nobles were imprisoned and the others were sent to the galleys. Among the latter was a disciple of Wishart, the famous John Knox. He had been educated at Glasgow University, and was in holy orders of the Roman Church until he was thirty. He was acting as tutor to the sons of a country gentleman when he met Wishart.

After Hertford, Protector of England during Edward VI's minority, had defeated the Scottish forces at Pinkie Cleuch, the French came to Scotland's aid and induced the Scottish Parliament to send little Queen Mary to France. She was only six years old but was a child of great charm and grew into a woman of marked distinction and individuality though not of beauty. She was carefully educated at the French court and when she was sixteen she was married to the Dauphin in the church of Notre Dame in Paris.

In Scotland John Knox put himself in sympathy with the nobles hostile to the Queen Regent and the Church, who formed a covenant to make the reformed faith the faith of Scotland, and called themselves the Lords of the Congregation.

In England Mary Tudor, whose husband was Philip of Spain, was queen, and was active at this time in crushing the Reformation. In 1558 Elizabeth succeeded Mary, and Protestant exiles returned to England. In the north the mass and the practices of the Church were considered idolatrous, and in the church of St. John in Perth, where Knox, who had just returned from Calvin's tutelage at Geneva, preached a vehement sermon, there was a riot and the people broke all the images in the church and attacked the monasteries. The same thing happened at St. Andrews, and throughout the country the "churches were cleansed."

The troops of the Congregation could make little headway against the disciplined French troops of the Regent, and were finally obliged to call for help on Elizabeth, who consented to send ships to keep the French fleet out of the Firth of Forth.

Meantime the Dauphin had become King of France (1559) and Mary, Queen of France, also called herself Queen of England. In 1560 the French troops and the Catholics in Leith surrendered to the Lords of the Congregation helped by the English, and the Treaty of Edin-

burgh was considered the greatest factor in the history of Scotland since Bannockburn. When the Parliament met in August of 1560 it adopted a Confession of Faith, and definitely abolished the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. The same year Francis II of France died and the following August Mary came home to her realm, and was received by the majority of her subjects with deep rejoicing. She was faithful to the rites of her own Church but insisted that everyone else should obey the law. Knox thundered invectives against her from the pulpit, and the beautiful, gifted young queen, just from the brilliant court of France, found herself in the austere atmosphere of Scotland with not one strong person upon whose fidelity she could depend. If, under such circumstances, she made vital mistakes, she should be judged with the mercy taught by Christ.

As Mary was the nearest relative of Elizabeth of England she was heiress to the English crown, but Elizabeth was unwilling to acknowledge her rights or even to meet her.

Mary married as her second husband her first cousin, the heir to the Scottish throne, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox. As Darnley was a Romanist this marriage displeased the Protestants as well as Elizabeth. He was foolish, vain, and a drunkard, and the domestic life of the royal pair was not happy, the most unfortunate incident being the murder in Mary's presence, with her husband's connivance, of David Riccio, her secretary.

In 1566 Mary bore to Lord Darnley a son who became James VI of Scotland and I of England. Darnley was in disfavor with the people and was murdered on February 9, 1567. The Earl of Bothwell and his friends were accused of the deed, and Bothwell was brought to trial, but his influence was so great that he was acquitted. He secured a divorce from his wife, and on May 15 married Mary.

This step ruined the queen. Public feeling turned against her, and the Catholic and Protestant nobles made a

"band" to separate her from Bothwell. In June, 1567, the Queen's forces yielded to the army of her enemies. Bothwell was given time to ride away and Mary was taken to Loch Leven Castle where she abdicated in favor of her son, with the Earl of Moray as Regent. The infant James was crowned at Scone "amid much rejoicing." Bothwell became a pirate in the Orkneys and finally died in a Danish prison.

After nearly a year Mary was helped to escape from Loch Leven Castle, but Moray defeated the Queen's forces and Mary fled to England in the hope that Elizabeth would protect her. The expectation was vain and Mary remained in England a prisoner. In Scotland the Queen's party and the King's party caused constant disorder followed by civil war in which a succession of Regents tried to cope with the opposing factions. James was much influenced by relatives and favorites and there were frequent contentions between the Protestants and Catholics, while the relations between England and Scotland were not amicable. Mary Stuart during these years was constantly writing to foreign powers and making plans for restoration to her own throne, and at last was implicated in Babington's plot to assassinate Elizabeth, and after a trial of two days was found guilty. She was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587.

UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

James not only made no effort to save his mother but by some it is believed that he willingly agreed to her death. This left him sole heir to the English crown, the absorbing aim of his life since he had come to years of understanding. The attempt of the Spanish Armada against England unified the Protestant feeling in England and Scotland and brought the two countries more closely together. James, on becoming twenty-one, chose as his wife Anne of Denmark.

On the 24th of March, 1603, a messenger arrived at Holyrood announcing the death of Elizabeth, who had named James as her successor. Thus, after centuries of strife and

bloodshed the crowns were peacefully united. James wanted a complete union between the two countries, which he called Great Britain, and Francis Bacon agreed with him, but England and Scotland were not ready. One of the chief objects of the remainder of the king's life was to enforce Episcopacy in Scotland. There was much disturbance in the Highlands and Islands, but they were finally subjected, and by wise laws and the appointment of officers to carry them out the Border was at peace and for the first time became really a part of Britain.

In 1617 James, who had gone South upon his accession to the united thrones, made a visit to the northern kingdom. He was welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm but his Church regulations caused consternation. He persisted in his policy, however, until he died in 1625.

Notwithstanding all his weaknesses the Scottish realm prospered under James's rule, and his "buzzing activity" was felt in every part of his realm. He attempted to found a colony of Scots in the new world, but it was not successful. He established in Edinburgh a fourth university. Drummond of Hawthornden, George Buchanan, and other Scottish men of letters wrote during his reign. The character of James VI is portrayed in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."

Like his father, Charles I was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and he spent his reign in trying to enforce his supremacy and above all his religion on both his Scottish and English subjects. In 1633 he went to Scotland, was crowned in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, and entered into immediate dissension with the Scots because of his Anglican practices. Out of the attempt to impose on the people a new Book of Common Prayer arose what really became a rebellion. The King's opponents bound themselves to support the "true religion," and were called Covenanters, wearing blue caps and blue ribbons as party badges. The king held their demands to be "impertinent and damnable," which did not hinder them from holding a General Assem-

bly at Glasgow, at which measures were passed which resulted in the Great Civil War. The king also alienated the English who did not want war with Scotland. The famous Long Parliament met and abolished Episcopacy. Then the Scottish Parliament concluded with the English a treaty known as the Solemn League and Covenant, which provided for "the reformation of religion in the kingdoms of England and Ireland."

The following "Border Ballad" from Scott's "Monastery" refers to the activities of the Covenanters after the signing of the first Covenant in 1557, when they still were loyal to their fifteen-year-old Queen, Mary Stuart:

"March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale;
 Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!
 Many a banner spread
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready, then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding;
 War-steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms and march in good order.
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border."

The Cavalier (royalist) forces in England were defeated at Marston Moor and at Naseby. Charles fled to Scotland hoping that the Scottish loyalty to the House of Stuart would protect him, but as he refused to sign the Covenant he was handed over to the representatives of the English Parliament, and was executed on January 30, 1649, to the surprise and grief of the Scottish royalists who said that they had "sold their king for a groat."

THE COMMONWEALTH

The English Parliament abolished the monarchy but the

Scots were still loyal to the Stuarts and proclaimed as king the nineteen-year-old Prince Charles. He was in exile in Holland and was brought back only on condition that he would establish Presbyterianism in the three kingdoms. He was received with enthusiasm in Scotland, but Cromwell raised a large army and defeated the royalist forces at Dunbar. Many of the Scottish prisoners were shipped to New England and bound as serfs to the colonists. The following year Charles and his army were defeated by Cromwell at Worcester. Charles escaped to France, and Cromwell marched north and reduced Scotland, uniting the two Parliaments with a representation of thirty from the north.

THE RESTORATION

Cromwell's son and successor in the English Protectorate was not successful. The Scots had not ceased to want their king, and when Charles II was recalled and crowned in England the Scots were "frantic with joy." Claret ran from the spouts of the Cross of Edinburgh and the streets were strewn with the fragments of glasses broken according to custom after toasting the king. The "honours" or Scottish regalia, which had been concealed beneath the floors of a church when Cromwell invaded Scotland were brought to light again.

But joy was soon turned to sorrow. Charles was no Covenanter. Episcopacy was restored, but its unpopularity caused frequent uprisings whose story is told in Scott's "Old Mortality." The king sent his brother, James, Duke of York, to Scotland as High Commissioner. As he was a Roman Catholic there was a movement in England to exclude him from the throne. Those belonging to this movement were called "Whigs;" those who supported his hereditary rights were called "Tories." York established a gay court at Holyrood, and when Charles II died in 1685, he was succeeded by James, who, however, never was crowned in Scotland. The Parliament accepted him. New acts were

passed against the Covenanters and James VII began an attempt to establish Catholicism in Scotland. The birth of an heir who would in all probability be a Romanist decided the English to offer the crown to James's daughter, Mary, and her husband, William of Orange. By this change, known as the "Glorious Revolution of 1688," William became King of Scotland as well as of England. The Presbyterian government of the Scottish Church was revived, but James still had many adherents called "Jacobites" (from *Jacobus*, the Latin form of James), among them Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee—the "Bonnie Dundee" of Scott's song. Dundee raised a large force in the Highlands, which, augmented by Irish and French troops, made formidable resistance at the Pass of Killiecrankie and swept the royal forces down the valley with the clansmen in hot pursuit. Dundee, however, fell from a bullet shot as the royalist army was in full retreat, and as there was no able leader among the Jacobites to take his place the rebellion came to an end.

William had proposed the union of the kingdom. Anne, Mary's sister and James II's daughter, who succeeded him in 1702, appointed a commission to agree with a Scottish commission upon a Treaty of Union. On May 1, 1707, the two Parliaments were made one, and amid scenes of public rejoicing, Anne drove to a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's.

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

On the day of Queen Anne's death a distant cousin, George, Elector of Hanover, was proclaimed king. There was a Jacobite rising in both England and Scotland, but it was defeated, and James, the Pretender or Chevalier, with some of the leaders of the rebellion embarked for France. When he was dismissed from France he went to Italy and made his home near Rome, where he married the daughter of the King of Poland and became the father of Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender."

In the reign of George II occurred the last demonstration of the Jacobites. It was in behalf of the "Young Pre-

tender," who was young, handsome, daring, and a Stuart, and therefore the subject of much romantic enthusiasm. He defeated the English army at Prestonpans and again at Falkirk, but was defeated in his turn at Culloden. The Young Chevalier with a price on his head was hunted up and down the Highlands for the next five months, when he had an opportunity to escape to the Continent. There, by his manner of living he alienated the affections of his followers.

With the subsidence of the efforts to restore the Stuarts the Scots have lived in fairly harmonious relations with the other members of the Union, though for a long time there was friction both in civil and ecclesiastical matters. This disappeared, however, as trade began to increase, new crops were grown and new industries began to occupy the people. Today they are loyal supporters of "King and State."



II. Edinburgh

O Caledonia! stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

—*Sir Walter Scott*

THE CHARM OF EDINBURGH

SCOTLAND is famed not only for its picturesque and romantic scenery but also for one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The very name, Edinburgh, has a charm which is only enhanced by an acquaintance with the city itself. When we read of "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat,"* and "Mine own romantic town," as Sir Walter Scott called it, we have a proprietary thrill, though there may not be a drop of Scottish blood in our veins. But when we stand on beautiful Princes Street and view across the valley gardens the stately old town with its majestic castle-crowned rock, our feelings of joy and satisfaction are emotions to be experienced. If Edinburgh has so great a fascination for those who only view it, it may be imagined that the pride and love of a Scotsman in his romantic city is a part of his very being. It is not alone the position of Edinburgh, near the sea and encircled by hills, nor its centuries of history, nor its traditions of wit and learning whence it is called the "Modern Athens," which give the city its great charm. There seems to be some element of fascination underlying all these and difficult to analyze.

THE OLD TOWN

Our greatest interest will naturally center in Old Edinburgh and to think of that as it was in former times we must picture it as standing alone, the part where the New Town lies covered with broom and heather. A small lake called the Nor Loch used to lie at the base of the castle rock and above the ravine. This has been filled up and a

*Burns.

mound made in the middle of the valley, which now, as the Princes Street Gardens, divides the Old Town from the New.

THE CASTLE

Our interest is first attracted by the spot where Edinburgh began, the castle-rock. It is said that in early times there was a stronghold here called the "Castrum Puellarum" or Castle of the Maidens, where the daughters of the Pictish Kings were educated and kept in safety until they were married. However this may be, in 626 or thereabout, Edwin of Northumbria built or rebuilt a castle on this rock called Edwin's Burgh, which gave its name to the town that grew up about its base. A large part of the Castle was destroyed in 1572 but was rebuilt before the end of the century. It is now used as infantry barracks. The rock is precipitous on all sides except the east where a broad esplanade leads up to the entrance. The "Royal Lodgings" are the most interesting part of the Castle. Many of the Scottish monarchs lived here before Holyrood was built and in times of danger they left Holyrood for these safer walls. In the crown-room are the Regalia, the "Honours of Scotland," the crown, the scepter, the sword of state and the treasurer's mace. During the commonwealth the "Honours" were sent to Dunottar Castle on the East coast for safe keeping. Before the castle fell they were smuggled out by the wife of the parish minister and buried under the floor of the neighboring church, where they remained till the Restoration. After the English and Scottish parliaments were united in 1707, the Regalia were placed in a big oak chest and securely locked up in the crown-room. After a time the rumor spread that the Regalia had been taken to England, but it was not until 1817 through the efforts of Scott that the permission of George IV was obtained to investigate the matter. In his "Provincial Antiquities" Scott describes the entrance of the commissioners, of whom he

was one, to the crown-room and their forcing open the chest with a growing feeling of apprehension lest the "Honours" should not be there. He writes, "The joy was, therefore, extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labor, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707. . . . The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite."

Near the crown-room is a tiny room where Queen Mary gave birth to her son James. The following quaint inscription is on the wall of the room:

"Lord Jesu Chryst, That crounit was with Thornse,
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successioun, to Reigne still,
Lang in this Realme, if that it by Thy will
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proseed
Be to Thy Honer and Prais, sobied.

"19th Junii, 1566."

Near by is the Banqueting-hall where the "Black Dinner" of the Earl Douglas was eaten, when the young Earl and his brother were seized against the protests and tears of the ten-year-old King James and beheaded in the Castle Courtyard. Here also is St. Margaret's chapel which dates from the time of Malcolm Canmore. It is the oldest church in Scotland and the smallest in Britain. Placed near the edge of the ramparts is the huge old cannon called "Mons Meg." It was in existence in 1495 and for how long before is not definitely known; nor is it known whether it was made at Mons in Belgium or in Galloway.

THE CASTLE AS IT LOOKS TODAY

[Extract from a letter describing part of a visit made by the writer to Edinburgh under the chaperonage of a Glasgow lady:]

"We drove through fog and mist to the station and took an early express from Glasgow to Edinburgh, Mrs. B. cheer-

fully prophesying that it was likely to be fair in Edinburgh. We were alone in the compartment and I studied the guide-book and looked at as much of the scenery as was visible, while Mrs. B. pointed out the landmarks which we passed in the hour's ride. The most interesting was Linlithgow Palace, the birthplace of Mary Stuart. It was the favorite residence not only of her mother, Mary of Lorraine, but also of some of the Jameses. It stands on high ground which extends into the lake, giving it the appearance of being on an island.

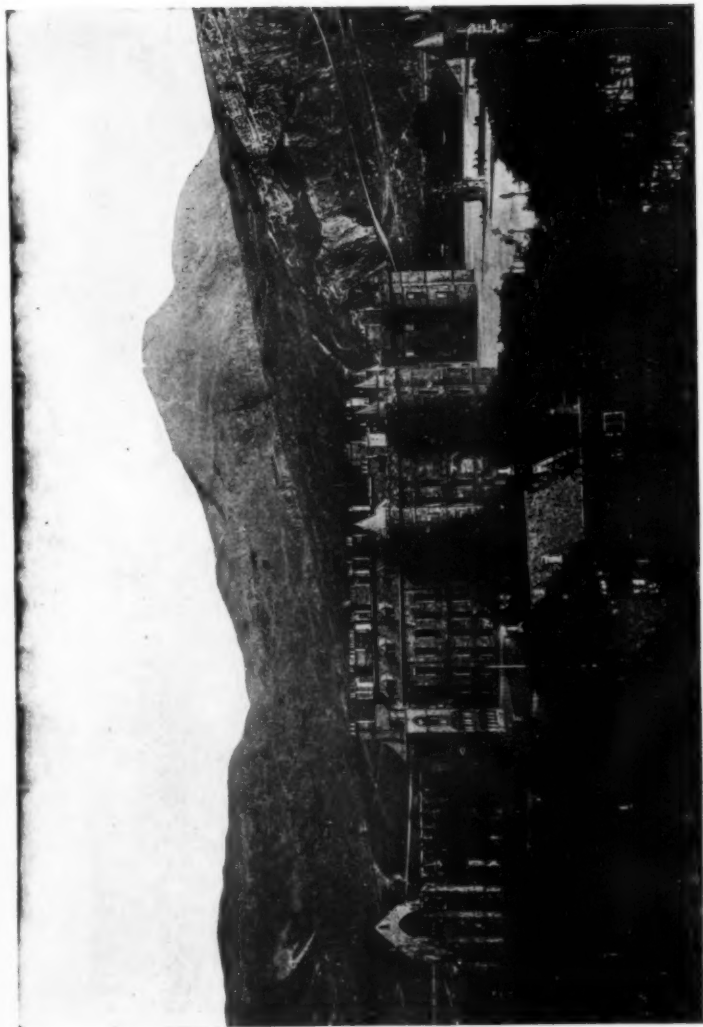
"There was a lovely view of the Pentland Hills as we approached the city, but as it had begun to rain again when we left the station, we had to drive to the castle in a closed carriage which rather limited my view. As we approached the huge hill of rock crowned by the Castle I must confess that my heart beat a little faster than is its wont. On one side the rock is almost perpendicular. Those men of olden time knew how to take advantage of naturally fortified places. On the other side the ascent is gradual and we drove up to the very entrance of the Castle. The esplanade in front is used for drilling the soldiers stationed there. There is always one garrison at least in the stronghold, though not the same one. The sentinels were dressed in kilts with bare knees, but the soldiers who were drilling as we drove up were in undress uniform of long tartan trousers, white jackets and Scotch caps. Some of the garrison were playing foot-ball near the old Portcullis Gate, but as we drew near they kicked the ball through and out of sight. Above this gate is the old prison in which the Duke of Argyle and other followers of the Stuarts were confined before their execution. At the left as we passed through the gate we saw the long narrow stone stairway leading to the Royal Apartments. We soon came to the barracks of more recent date, which Sir Walter Scott says would be honored by a comparison to the most vulgar cotton-mill. Near the Royal Apartments we stopped before a monstrous old can-

non made in 1476. At this point the guide, who had joined us at the draw-bridge, turned to me and to my amazement said, "That gun was made before America was discovered!" How quickly they recognize an American! Mrs. B. had done all the talking and she is so evidently not American that I was the more surprised. The guide talked exactly as if he went by machinery! We visited the crown-room where the Regalia of Scotland are kept. When I realized that the crown was worn by Robert Bruce and the ring by Charles I, it brought 1300 and 1600 rather near to 1900.

"After leaving the crown-room we went through a little low, dark corridor into a square room which reminded me of one of our large New England kitchens. This is where Mary used to sit with her ladies-in-waiting and it also served as an audience chamber. Out of this opens the little room where James VI was born. It is of irregular shape and is not larger than a good sized closet. We next went to St. Margaret's Chapel, a tiny place built in 1000 and something. According to the guide 'It is the oldest religious building in Edinburgh and the smallest in Great Britain.' From there we descended the long narrow flight of stone steps called the Royal Staircase. As we came slowly down the worn steps, I thought of the times that the unfortunate Mary had used this very staircase."

THE HIGH STREET

On leaving the Castle we enter the long High Street, which, known in its different portions as Castle Hill, the Lawnmarket, High Street, and the Canongate, leads straight down for a little over a mile to Holyrood. This street, lined on both sides with rows of tall houses, some of ten stories or more, with wynds and closes leading out on each side, has been the scene of royal pageants, riots, murders, witch-burnings, executions and public rejoicings. Every stone has its story and its uneven pavement has been trodden by almost every person noted in the annals of Scotland. The Castle, the Palace of Holyrood, this long street connecting



Holyrood



Cathedral of St. Giles, Edinburgh



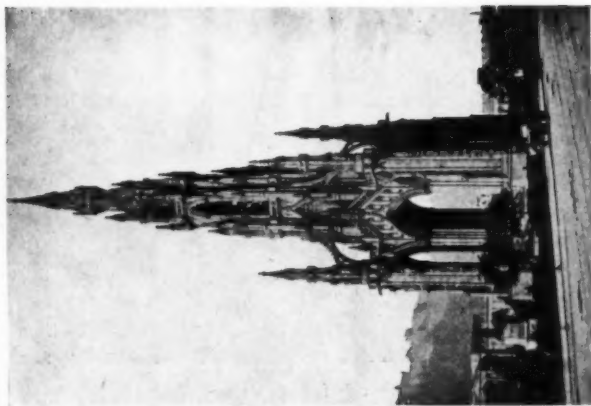
John Knox's House, Edinburgh



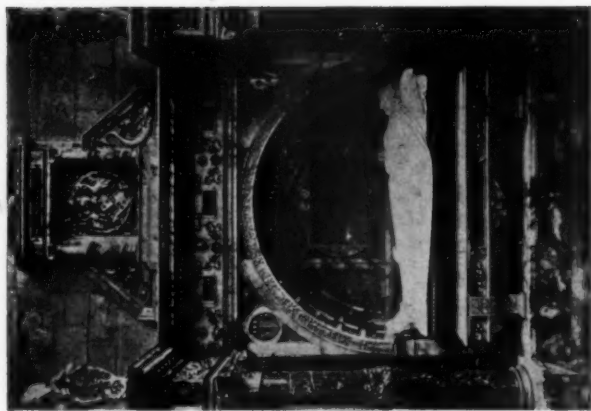
Princes Street and the Scott Monument



Edinburgh from Calton Hill



The Scott Monument, Princes Street



The Montrose Monument in St. Giles's

them, and the Cowgate, a street parallel to it, constituted the main part of the Edinburgh of a hundred and fifty years ago.

THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES

As we walk down this old street thronged with associations, once the home of lords and ladies of high degree but now the residence of the very poor of the city, we come to the old Church of St. Giles with its crown-topped tower. This was the old parish church of Edinburgh, built as the shrine of an arm of St. Giles, the patron saint of the city. At the time of the Reformation the church was despoiled, its images broken, and the interior was divided into four parts where services were held. Here Knox preached before the Lords of the Congregation, and here he delivered the funeral sermon over the murdered Regent Moray, whose tomb is in the church. The "great Marquis of Montrose" is buried here also. It was in St. Giles's which was made a cathedral in the time of Charles I, that Dean Hanna of Edinburgh tried to introduce Laud's Liturgy. As Scott describes it: "The rash and fatal experiment was made 23rd July, 1637, in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, where the dean of the city prepared to read the new service before a numerous concourse of persons, none of whom seems to have been favorably disposed to its reception. As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman, named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High-street . . . flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a wild tumult instantly commenced."

Within the last thirty years the partitions have been removed and the church has been restored to somewhat of its pre-Reformation aspect.

THE "HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN"

On the pavement of the street not far from St. Giles is the outline of a heart which marks the site of the old "Tolbooth" where the Parliament used to meet. After the Parliament House was built the Tolbooth became a prison. Scott describes it in "The Heart of Midlothian." Parlia-

ment House and Parliament Square occupy what was once the churchyard of St. Giles and there near the church in Parliament Square we shall find by its inscription, "I. K. 1572," the small stone in the pavement which marks the grave of John Knox.

Since the Union the Parliament House has been used for the Supreme Court, and if today we go into the great hall adorned with statues and portraits of famous Scottish lawyers, we shall meet the advocates in wig and gown, promenading back and forth, looking as if they had just stepped down from some of the paintings on the wall.

THE "RIDING" OF PARLIAMENT

W. M. Mackenzie in his "Outline of Scottish History" gives a description of the assembling of Parliament.

"Now was seen for the last time, as it turned out, the imposing ceremony of the 'Riding' of the Scottish Parliament. From Holyrood to the Parliament House the street was cleared of traffic, and a way railed off and lined with soldiers, by which the procession should pass. The towering houses and forestairs on either side were hung with tapestry and crowded with spectators. All the members rode on horseback, two abreast. First came the burgesses, each attended by one servant, with their horses decked in trappings of black velvet. Then the barons in scarlet mantles, each with a number of servants according to rank, rising to eight for a Duke. These wore above their liveries the coats of arms of their masters on velvet cloaks. In the most conspicuous part of the procession were carried the treasured 'Honours,' the crown, the sceptre and sword of State, their bearers alone riding with uncovered heads, attended by the heralds. The Commissioner with a numerous train brought up the rear. In the Parliament House special benches at the upper end, near the throne, were reserved for the nobility, while the burgesses had their seats lower down."

THE CROSS OF EDINBURGH

Not far from the Parliament House is the site of Dun-Edin's Cross, where the Scottish heralds and pursuivants proclaimed the royal edicts.

*"The cross of Edinburgh, restored by Mr. Gladstone on its ancient site, was from early times the place of all royal and other proclamations, and round it occurred that famous scene, on the eve of the battle of Prestonpans in 1745, when, in the presence of Prince Charles Edward, James, his father, was proclaimed James VIII, King of Great Britain and Ireland. That was the occasion, probably, of the most ardent enthusiasm which Edinburgh has ever displayed. As the prince rode up the street, ladies pressed to touch his stirrup and to kiss his hand. The closes poured out their teeming population, rank and beauty crowded the steep forestairs of the houses, and from window to roof of the high seven-story tenements—the abodes then of the learning and fashion of Scotland—waved banners and kerchiefs and scarves; while, as the heralds and pursuivants, in their antique dress, with blast of trumpet proclaimed the Stewart King, the loveliest of the Jacobite ladies rode through the press distributing the white cockade. Then, and at the ball which the prince gave at Holyrood in the evening, popular Jacobite feeling rose to its high-water mark. Wild with delight to see the heir of the ancient Scottish kings appear once more in the palace of his ancestors, the bravest blood of Highland and Lowland that night crowded the royal saloons. Dowagers coined compliments and epigrams, which have since become historic, to catch the fancy of the prince. The loveliest daughters of lord and chief, their hearts beating high with the feeling of the hour, cast on him looks of undisguised devotion. Never had so gallant a prince appealed to his people in such romantic circumstances, and never did a people receive their prince with so much rapture. In the flush of his hopes and on the eve of the great things which

*From "Scotland," by George Eyre Todd.

he was to accomplish, it was the most brilliant hour in the life of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' and if, a few days later, he had fallen, sword in hand, in the moment of victory at Prestonpans, his memory would have fired the hearts of Scotsmen to all time with a warmer and kindlier devotion than has been felt for any candidate for a throne before or since."

FAMOUS HOUSES

So much of Scottish history has been woven about this spot that we have not enough time even to refer to it. As we continue our walk down the street we pass the Tron church and soon come to a house which projects a little into the street, the house of John Knox. This was the "manse" where the Reformer lived during the last thirteen years of his life. All the way down the street we have been passing houses which were once the homes of Edinburgh's most famous people. Among them are the houses in which lived Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet of the eighteenth century; Boswell who entertained Johnson here in 1773; David Hume the historian; Robert Burns, who, for eighteen pence a week shared a humble room in Baxter's close.

THE NETHERBOW

Just beyond the house of John Knox is the Netherbow, where once stood the old chief gate of the city. As we stop to think of the great historical events which have taken place here, from the royal processions with all their gay pageantry to the ravaging and burning of the city by that conscienceless spoiler, Hertford, one scene is interesting as showing the sternly pious temper of the time. John Durie, an Edinburgh minister, was for some reason banished by King James from the city. *"In 1582 Durie returned to the city, and he was met at the Netherbow Port by the 'haill toun' as a token of welcome. The great multitude followed him up the High Street, with their heads uncovered, and sang the while this grand old version of the 124th Psalm:

*From "Picturesque Scotland" by Francis Watt.

Now Israel
 may say, and that truly,
 If that the Lord
 had not our cause maintained,—
 If that the Lord
 had not our right sustained,
 When cruel men
 against us furiously
 Rose up in wrath
 to make us their prey:
 Then certainly
 they had devoured us all,
 And swallowed quick
 for aught that we could deem,
 Such was their rage
 as we might well esteem.
 And as fierce floods
 before them all things drown,
 So had they brought
 our souls to death quite down.
 The raging streams,
 with their proud swelling waves,
 Had then our soul
 o'erwhelmed in the deep.
 But bless'd be God
 who doth us safely keep
 And hath not given
 us for a living prey
 Unto their teeth,
 and bloody cruelty,
 Ev'n as a bird
 out of the fowler's snare
 Escapes away,
 so is our soul set free.
 Broke are their nets,
 and thus escaped we.
 Therefore our help
 is in the Lord's great name,
 Who heav'n and earth
 by his great power did frame."

Similar paraphrases of the Psalms are used in the churches of Scotland at the present time.

THE CANONGATE

The part of the High Street going from the Netherbow to Holyrood is called the Canongate because the canons of the Abbey of Holyrood were granted the right to found a borough here and through it was the chief approach from the Abbey to the city. If a man in debt claimed the privilege of sanctuary within these Abbey precincts no cred-

itor could seize him. On the right of the Canongate is Moray House, from the balcony of which the Duke of Argyle and the wedding party of the Marquis of Lorne and Lady Mary Stewart (daughter of Lord Moray) watched the Marquis of Montrose as he was led to execution.

HOLYROOD

And now we reach the open square where stands the Palace of Holyrood. Beyond it rises to an altitude of over 800 feet the noble hill called Arthur's Seat, shaped like a crouching lion. Near by is the King's Park. What a wealth of associations this old Palace calls up, from the day when the beautiful young Queen Mary entered it with her brilliant escort on her return from France, to the time, 1745, when Charles Edward the young Pretender* marched at the head of a procession to take possession of his ancestral home.

Holyrood was first an Abbey, one of those many monasteries founded and enriched by King David I. The story relates that while King David was once hunting in this neighborhood, he was attacked and about to be killed by an infuriated stag, which fled at the sudden appearance of a dazzling cross. In gratitude for his deliverance David founded the abbey and dedicated it to the Holy Rood or Cross. The Abbey was destroyed and rebuilt several times but there is now left only a little of the Royal Chapel. That fragment is very beautiful in the Early English style. The kings were received in the Abbey as guests, and at some time not definitely known the Palace was built as an addition. Only a small portion is shown to the public. Queen Mary's apartments consist of the audience-chamber, where probably her conversations with John Knox took place, her bed chamber from which opened her dressing room on the one side and the small supping room on the other. It was in this latter room that the Queen was taking supper with her ladies-in-waiting and her foreign secretary, David Riccio, when the latter was stabbed in her presence by a group of lords led by Lord Darnley. They entered the room by a private stair and

*Pretender is simply the French *prétendant*, meaning claimant.

seizing Riccio, they took him out to the top of the main staircase where they finished the murder by inflicting fifty-six wounds. The blood-stain is shown to the present day. Though this tragic event is always related, Mary had had happier days there. She was fond of music, plays, and dancing and there was much gay life going on at Holyrood, thereby calling down the censure of John Knox.

OTHER SIGHTS

The University, founded in 1582, is in the Kirk o' Field, the scene of Darnley's murder. Nearby is the old Greyfriars Churchyard where, amid scenes of wild and fanatical enthusiasm, the Covenant was signed, hundreds, it is said, writing the signature with their blood.

A short distance from Greyfriars is the handsome Heriot Hospital, erected by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI. Beyond that is the Grassmarket, the place where heretics and witches were burned and the scene of many executions. "All the world is familiar with the scene of the great Marquis's (Montrose's) execution; the black draped scaffold in the Grassmarket, the gibbet of thirty foot, the thronging crowd, the noble figure above, bareheaded and richly clad in scarlet, the pause while he spoke, the blare of the trumpets, and the crash of his doom."

ANCIENT SCENES

The following interesting picture of Old Edinburgh life is from W. M. Mackenzie's history of Scotland:

"Of the Scottish towns, Edinburgh was still easily first in all respects. Its long, sloping street of unusual width, paved with round stones, and formed by houses that rose as high as ten stories, gave it a distinguished air. As in all the towns of Scotland, the houses were stone built, but faced with boards. The 'fore-stairs' were now giving way to spiral stairs in outside turrets, and, owing to the destructive fires to which the towns were subject, the olden thatch was being replaced by tiles or slates. Of the narrow windows the

upper half only was of glass, the lower opened in wooden shutters. The gutters ran down each side of the street, and there was none in the middle, which thus formed an open space for the busy crowds that flocked to the courts and markets of the capital. 'In Scotland you walk generally in the middle of the streets.' On either side, filling the space between the pillars that upheld the wooden fronts, were the 'booths' of the shopkeepers, but their goods often spread onto the street itself. The towering 'lands' above were laid out in flats in the French style. In one tenement all classes might be represented—lords and ladies, judges, lawyers, ministers, craftsmen, and laborers—the poorer folk on the lowest and highest levels, the richer between. Up and down the narrow winding stair they pattered all day long—gentlemen in their wigs and three-cornered hats, ladies in wide hoops and red shoes, barefooted maids with their water-buckets from the public wells, coal-men, fish-wives from Musselburgh with their creels, and messengers of all sorts. Strangers were led about by 'caddies' or carried in sedan chairs, swaying along on the shoulders of two stalwart Highlandmen. Every night at ten o'clock, or soon after, as the bells of St. Giles's rang out, windows were opened and with a warning cry of 'Gardy-loo'* the inmates flung the dirty water and refuse of the day on to the street below, sometimes to splash over the late passerby, whose shout of 'Haud yer haun'!' had not been heard or attended to. Next morning, Sunday excepted, the stuff was hastily swept up in wheelbarrows. But the sewage of a crowded population in their lofty 'lands' was no sweet matter when thus disposed of and Edinburgh after dark was an evil-smelling place. The cleansing of all the Scottish towns was chiefly the work of the frequent rains and the high winds."

THE NEW TOWN

But we must leave the Old Town with its stirring memories and pay a short visit to the New. If we cross the

*French, *Gardez Peau*, "Look out for the water."

Mound that divides the Princes Street Gardens we shall pass two classical looking buildings, one the National Gallery, the other the Royal Institution. Princes Street has somewhat the aspect of a terrace overlooking the Gardens, and from it is a magnificent view of the Old Town and Castle.

FROM A WINDOW IN PRINCES STREET

"Above the Craggs that fade and gloom,
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street;
With lamps bejewelled; straight ahead,
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
While heaped against the western grey,
The Castle, menacing and severe,
Juts gaunt into the dying day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war."

—*W. E. Henley.*

THE SCOTT MONUMENT

On the garden side of Princes Street is the beautiful Scott Monument, a graceful and airy structure in the form of a Gothic spire rising to a height of two hundred feet. It is of the Early English style of architecture, the lower arches being suggestive of those of Melrose Abbey. In the niches are statuettes representing characters from Sir Walter's works and under the canopy is a marble statue of the great Romancer with his favorite dog, Maida, at his feet.

CALTON HILL

The New Town, which is laid out with considerable regularity, is bounded on the east by Calton Hill on which the National Monument stands out conspicuously. The monument is little more than a row of great columns after the order of the Parthenon. The enterprise was planned on such a gigantic scale that the funds gave out long before the building was half completed. Some of the other erections on the hill are the huge and unattractive Nelson Monument, the Burns Monument in the form of a small temple, and the tower which marks the grave of David Hume the philosopher. The view from Calton Hill well repays anyone making

ing the ascent. One not only has the beautiful city with the length of Princes Street before him, the New Town at his right and the Gardens and Old Town on the left, but beyond the city the Braid and Pentland Hills, and, again, Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags, where was a favorite walk of Sir Walter Scott's. It is said that on a very clear day Ben Lomond can be seen.

PROMINENT MEN OF EDINBURGH

George and Queen streets are parallel to Princes street. George, the King, with the Princes (there were two) on one side and the Queen on the other with Hanover (the name of the House) and kindred names for the cross-streets make a very modern locality to us who have just been reliving the ancient scenes of the old High Street across the ravine. For twenty-six years Scott lived at 39 Castle Street where most of his novels were written, novels that picture many of the events of Scotland's past with a reality that has gained him the name of The Wizard.

Drummond of Hawthornden, a poet of Charles I's time, and another poet, Robert Fergusson of the eighteenth century, should be mentioned in connection with Edinburgh. Another eminent name is that of Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" converted leading politicians to Free Trade, and is the most important book on the subject ever written. With the advent of Smith and Hume and Scott and many others of less note Edinburgh became in the eighteenth century a great literary center.

Though most of its writers of fame are now attracted to England, Edinburgh still remains a famous center of learning. As one writer says, "Nearly everybody is teaching or learning something or other." There are nearly 4,000 students at its University and the city has excellent schools.

TEA AND SCONES

After our long stroll about the city let us return to Princes Street and in looking at the attractive shops we see two productions made perhaps for the tourist traffic, but

also indulged in by Scotsmen themselves, the cairngorm and pebble brooches made in the form of Highland claymore and dirk as well as other designs, and the candy called Edinburgh Rock, but much softer and more eatable than its name indicates. Then, to follow a truly British custom, at about five o'clock we will go into one of the attractive tea-rooms on Princes Street and have tea and scones and cakes. If we want to be genuinely Scottish we will take several cups of tea, for it is a favorite beverage among the Scots people, who take it in the morning instead of coffee. When James, Duke of York, afterward James VII, held court at Holyrood with his wife, Mary of Modena, and Anne, their daughter, afterward Queen Anne, by their receptions and balls and many brilliant entertainments they restored much of the ancient splendors of the court. Among other things which made them popular was the introduction of tea which was then used for the first time in Scotland.

WALTER SCOTT'S DESCRIPTION

Since this was the town of Sir Walter Scott who was born in the College Wynd not far from St. Giles's and who lived half of his life in the New Town, and since he loved every stone of it and knew its history as did no one else, before saying farewell to Edinburgh, we will read his description of the panorama of Edinburgh from Blackford Hill, given in the Fourth Canto of "Marmion:"

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed . . .
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a luster proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!"

III. The Environs of Edinburgh

NATURAL SURROUNDINGS OF EDINBURGH

E DINBURGH is rich in environs beautiful, romantic, and historic, as well as some that have not those attractive qualities. The hills about the city, Arthur's Seat, the Salisbury Crags, the Pentland and Braid Hills give variety to the scenery and really attain almost to the dignity of mountains, one of the Pentland Hills rising to an altitude of about nineteen hundred feet. Leith, the port of Edinburgh, though the scene of so many stirring historic events, retains almost none of its ancient landmarks.

"We'll aff to fair Roslin an' sweet Habbie's Howe
By fairy-led streamlet an' castle-crowned knowe,
We'll climb the high Pentlands without pech or grane,
The green hills will mak' us a' callants again."

At Carlops near the Pentlands is Habbie's Howe, a lovely glen identified with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd:"

"Gae far'er up the Burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow;
Where 'tween twa birks, and ower a little linn,
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;
A pool, breast deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'rin' grass."

THE WORKS OF MAN

One of the most modern attractions is the Forth Bridge across the Firth of Forth, which is over a mile and a half long and cost about \$17,500,000. It is built on what is called the cantilever balance principle and the huge cantilevers, rising three hundred and sixty feet above the waters, are visible at a great distance.

ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN

One of the most delightful trips in the vicinity of Edinburgh is to Roslin and Hawthornden, whither one may go by coach or train. Arriving at the village of Roslin we will go straight to Rosslyn Chapel which was built by an ancestor of the present Earl of Rosslyn in 1446. The intention was to build a collegiate church but only the chapel was completed and that is so ornate, so wonderfully decorated

with exquisite and beautiful carving both inside and out, that on the whole it seems well there is not more of it. A letter says: "Under the chapel is a vault in which the uncoffined earls of Rosslyn lie dressed in full armor. The guide stamped on the floor under which the vault is and it did indeed give forth a hollow sound, but he did not give me any proof that the bodies of the earls are there. They probably have crumbled away in dust long ere this if they were buried without coffins. In the chapel is a pillar around which twine carved wreaths. It is called the Prentice's Pillar and has an interesting story. The master-builder, finding that he was unable to carry out the plans, went to Rome for a little further study. When he returned he found that his apprentice had studied out the plans and had carved the pillar in the most perfect manner. The master-builder was so filled with rage and jealousy to learn that he had been outdone by his apprentice that he took his mallet and killed him on the spot. In another part of the chapel is a small ugly head with a mark over the eye. This represents the apprentice. Other unattractive heads are said to represent his mother and sister and the master-builder. The story is said to be quite true. Service is held in the chapel every Sunday. It is the most elaborate piece of architecture as far as carving is concerned in Great Britain. The walls which surround the building are covered with the greenest of ivy." The superstitious belief that on the night before the death of any of the Lords of Rosslyn the chapel appears in flames is the subject of Scott's fine ballad of "Rosabelle:"

"Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron for a sable shroud
Sheathed in his iron panoply."

A little farther on the ruins of Rosslyn Castle on a crag overlooking a beautiful glen of the Esk are well worth a visit. The lower floors are hewn out of the solid rock. It was begun in the twelfth century and additions were made

up to the seventeenth when it was "despoiled by the English." The owners kept great state. The lady of the house in the reign of James VI 'was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, all clothed in velvet and silk with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all hir journeys.'" A wooded walk follows the river bank to Hawthornden, also beautifully situated on a cliff over the Esk. This was the home of the poet Drummond and here Ben Jonson came to visit him, having walked from England for that purpose.

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet
By Eske's fair stream that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

—*Scott.*

MELROSE

South of Edinburgh and at a greater distance lies Melrose, a beloved shrine visited by countless pilgrims. In the time of Columba was founded two miles farther down the river a monastery which had widespread influence under St. Cuthbert. This was destroyed and David I, that "sair sanct to the crown," according to James VI, rebuilt the monastery on its present site and endowed it with broad rich lands. As it was on the great highway between England and Scotland it frequently felt the hand of the marauder. It was destroyed by Edward II but rebuilt by Robert Bruce and finally destroyed by the vandal Hertford at the command of Henry VIII. A few quotations from different sources will show the light in which Melrose is regarded. "Of the building itself, as it now stands, it has been truly said that the ruins 'afford the finest specimens of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which Scotland can boast.'" "By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is one of the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scat-

tered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful is to say nothing. It is exquisitely, splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace, and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and its minute details, it is a study—a glory." The Abbey Church was built in the form of a cross. The best preserved parts of the ruin are the south transept door and window, but the finest feature of the Abbey is the east oriel, celebrated in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined.
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed.
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

The tomb of Michael Scot is in the chancel. Scot was a famous scholar and traveler of the thirteenth century. He had delved deep into the occult sciences of the age and displayed powers which made him known all over Europe and gave him the name of the "Wizard."

"The wondrous Michael Scot,
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre-Dame!"

Under the east window is buried the heart of Robert Bruce, brought back from a Spanish battle field, where, according to his promise to Bruce, his friend Douglas had carried it into the battle against "God's foes"—the Mohammedans." Many inscriptions are on the walls and on the tombs in the churchyard. One of the former much impressed Emerson by its simple dignity: "Heir Lyis the Race of ye Hous of Zair."

Attention may also be drawn to the original roof covering the east end of the chancel: to Deloraine's doorway (the 'steel-clenched postern' of the poem, "The Lay") leading from the cloisters; and to the exquisite carving of the stalls which Lockhart declares to be "unrivalled by anything anywhere extant, I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever. Roses and lilies, and thistles, and ferns and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiseled with such inimitable truth, and such grace of nature, that the finest botanist in the world could not desire a better *hortus siccus*, so far as they go."

George Eyre-Todd interestingly writes: "At the zenith of its splendor, before the great national disaster of Flodden in 1513, its walls housed, besides a multitude of lay brethren, no fewer than one hundred monks, with an abbot and other great dignitaries of the church.

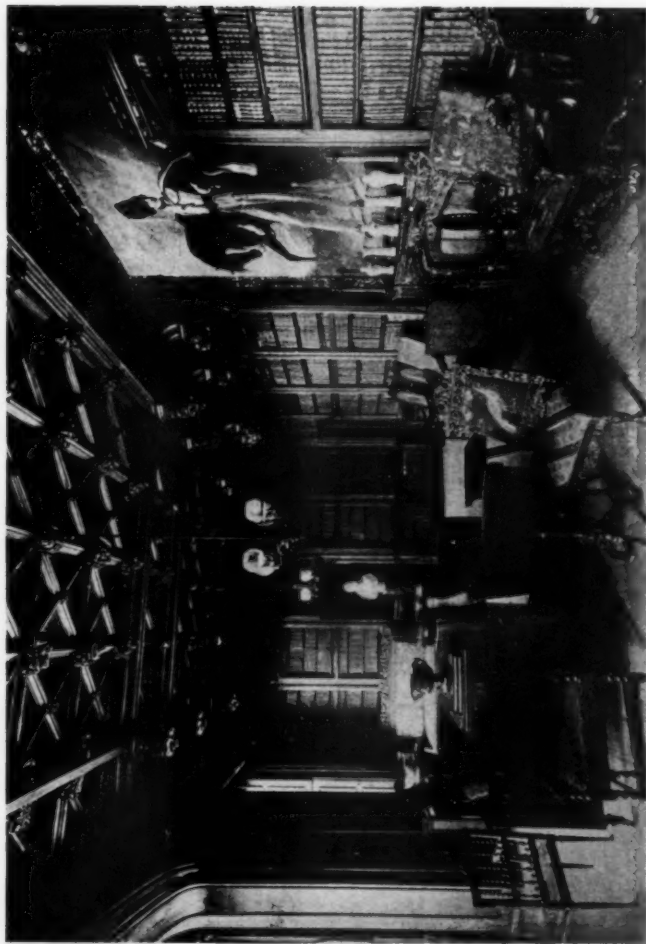
"One can almost see in these broken cloisters, where the grass grows now in the crannies, but where once the pavements were smooth and the lawns were trim, the cowed monks stand reverently aside, while some great churchman sweeps past. For the spiritual lords who ruled here were men of the world as well as of religion. Masters of great revenues and of broad lands, these nobles of the church constantly proved themselves fit to meet and watch and master the lay barons of the kingdom in their own field. Men of affairs, and of boundless ambition, they had at their back, upon appeal, the spiritual power of Rome, and nowhere did they hesitate to use all the advantages of their rank. Half confessors and half ministers of state, they exerted an unmeasured influence in the closet of the King, and, clad in mail from head to foot, they did not hesitate to ride to battle by his side. When the good Abbot of Inchaffray had blessed the troops at Bannockburn, he no doubt laid aside his gown, and stepped forth in steel cap and shirt of proof to add the weight of his carnal arm to the spiritual encouragement of



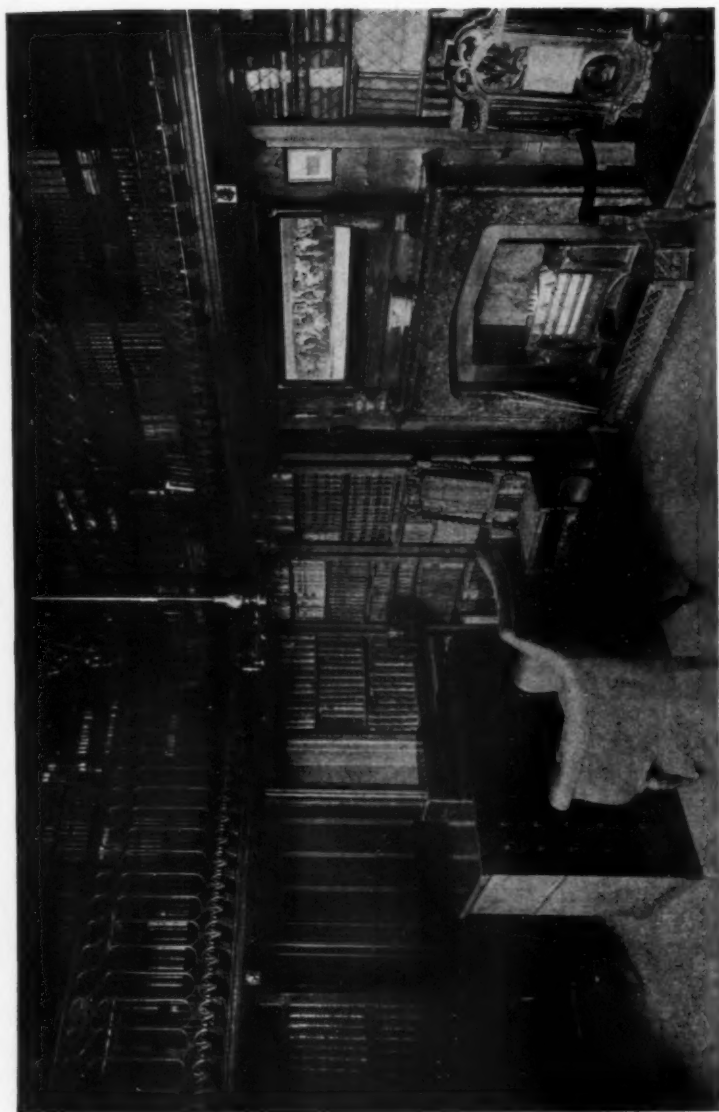
Abbotsford



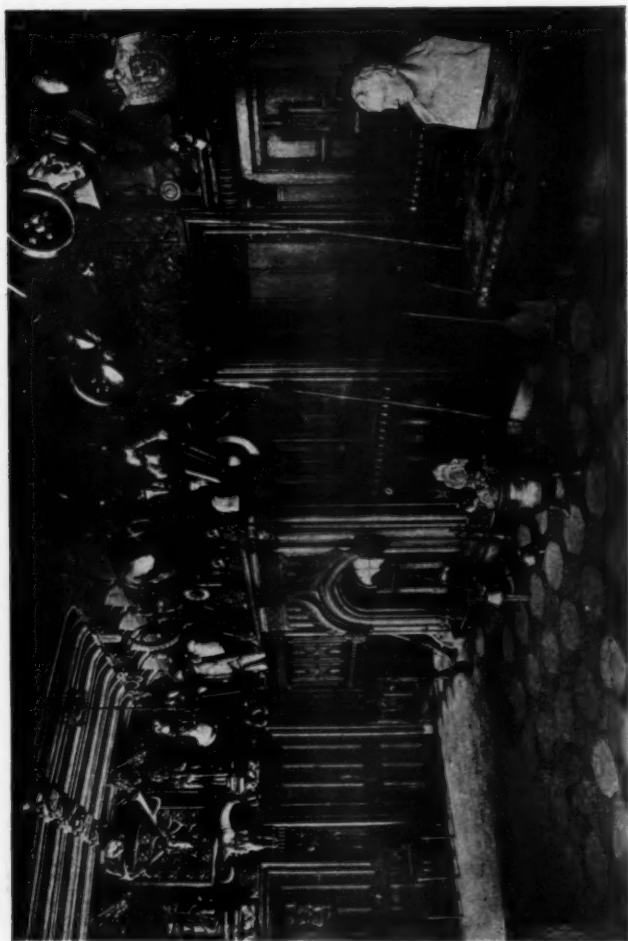
Drawing-room at Abbotsford



The Library, Abbotsford



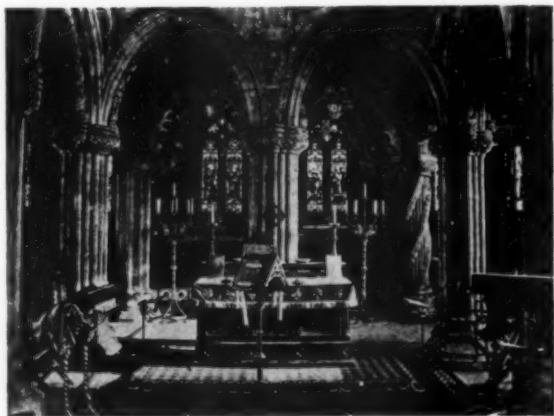
Scott's Study at Abbotsford



Entrance Hall, Abbotsford



Scott of Harden's Introduction to Muckle-mouthed Meg
whom he married to save himself from a poacher's
death.



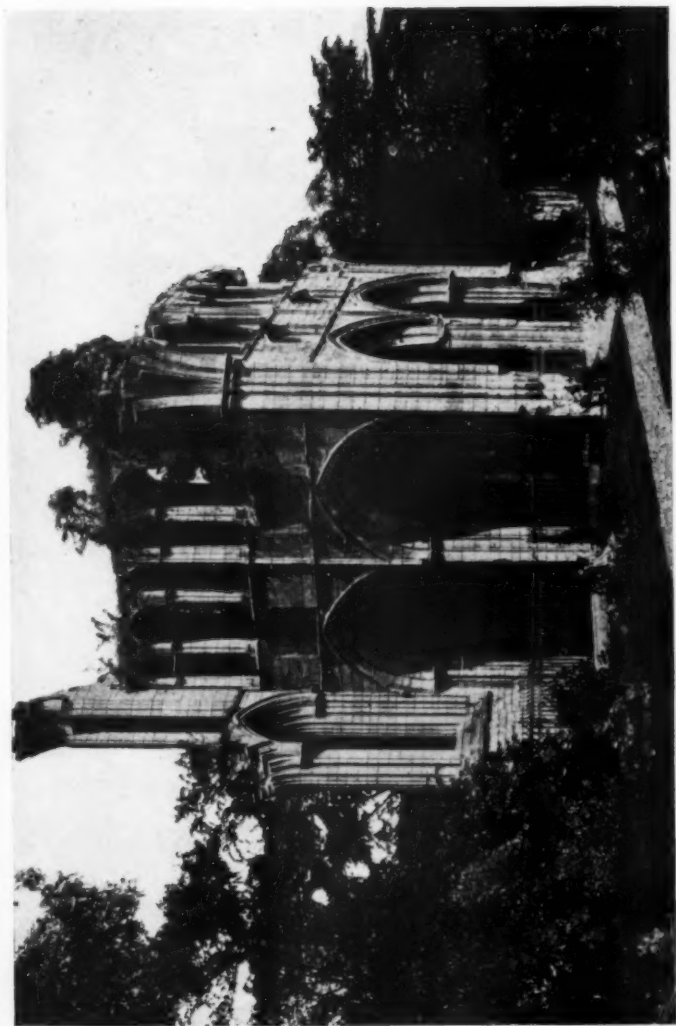
Roslin Chapel



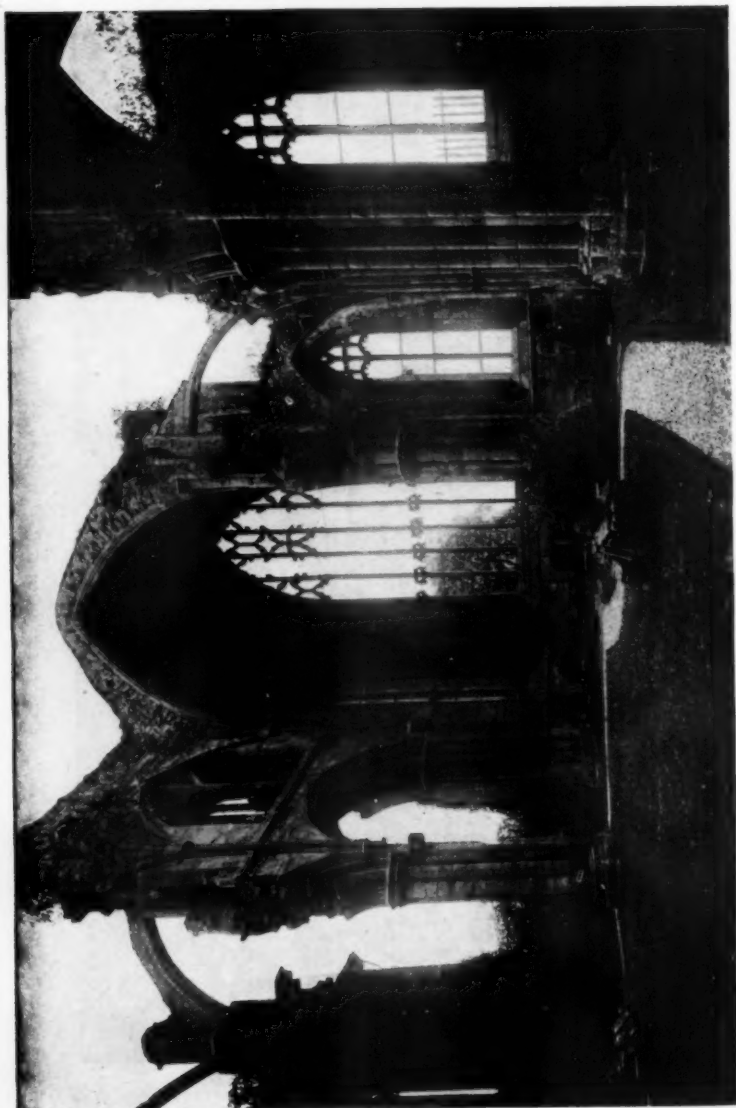
Melrose Abbey



Dryburgh Abbey



Sir Walter Scott's Tomb, St. Mary's Chapel, Dryburgh Abbey



Melrose Abbey—The Chancel

the morning; and it is a matter of history that no fewer than two bishops and two mitred abbots were left among the dead round James IV on the day of his fatal overthrow at Flodden."

According to Sir Walter:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

THE EILDON HILLS

The gardens and orchards and rich green meadows that surround Melrose remind us that the monks of Melrose, Cistercians, introduced new methods of agriculture into the country and brought their broad acres under a state of great cultivation. For descriptions of life in Melrose Abbey read "The Monastery." Beside Melrose rise the Eildon Hills of many legends. According to tradition the three summits were conjured from one by the magic of Michael Scot.

"And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

It is said that in the caverns of this hill or mountain Arthur and his knights sleep in full armor awaiting "the blast of the trumpet which shall wake them at Scotland's need."

"Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a Knight,
A raven plume waves o'er each helmed crest,
And black the mail which binds each manly breast.

Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,
That bids the charmed sleep of ages fly,

Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,
His horn, his falchion grasps with mighty hand,
And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland?"

—Leyden's *"Scenes of Infancy," Part II.*

The picturesque Eildon Hills legend of "Thomas the Rhymer" has been told by Sir Walter in charming verse.

ABBOTSFORD

A pleasant drive of nearly three miles will take us to that other Mecca, Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. It stands on a bank of the Tweed on a site that to the ordinary observer possessed little attraction, but the "manor-house" which Sir Walter built and the woods which he planted make a beautiful picture. As visitors are admitted by a rear entrance on the garden side they miss the imposing view of Abbotsford usually seen in photographs.

"Scott's great ambition was to be a 'laird' and found a family, yet when he bought about a hundred acres of land at this place in 1811 he had no idea of anything so palatial as Abbotsford. From a cottage it grew to a house, and a house to a mansion, and he kept on buying ever more ground," until he had over a thousand acres.

Abbotsford was the home of unlimited hospitality which extended up to the end of the great poet's life. Wordsworth writes of his own visit there, on the eve of Sir Walter's departure for Naples, where he went on a vain search for health: "The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr. Allan the painter; and Mr. Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not await my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way.

With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow."

We shall be obliged to begin our visit at the tourist's entrance. We enter a wicket-gate, go down a narrow gravelled path to a small basement room, where we inscribe our names in the visitors' book, and, while waiting for the guide, buy postcards and photographs. When our turn comes we are ushered upstairs into the study which looks as if the great author might have just left the room. There is the desk at which most of the Waverleys were written. Before it stands the well-worn leather-covered chair. Books of reference line the room which has but one window. A light gallery runs around the room, reached by a small spiral staircase by which Sir Walter could go unobserved to his own room. The library, which adjoins the study, is the largest room in the house. The whole collection of books is about 20,000 volumes, many of them rare and of great value. Here is the Chantrey bust which Lockhart said "alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who mingled in Scott's domestic circle." Over the fireplace is the full-length portrait of Scott's beloved son, Walter, who died in 1847. There are several interesting relics in the room. In the drawing room is a beautiful portrait of Scott by Raeburn. The other portraits are of Lady Scott; Scott's mother; his daughters, Anne and Sophia; and his great-granddaughter the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott whose picture is at the right of the door in the photograph. The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott is the wife of the Hon. Constable-Maxwell. They have four sons and three daughters, the eldest son, Walter, being the heir to the estate, which is entailed. In a cabinet in this room are many relics, among them the crucifix carried by Mary, Queen of Scots at the time of her execution and the brooch of Flora Macdonald.

The windows of the dining room, which is not shown

to tourists, overlook the Tweed. It was in this room where they had brought him that he might enjoy the view he loved so well, that the great man died. The Armory and adjoining entrance hall have a most interesting collection of arms and suits of mail and other historic relics. The sword of the great Montrose; the pistols of Claverhouse; the sword, gun, dirk and sporran (fur pocket worn in front) of Rob Roy; the keys of Loch Leven Castle; the rifle of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot; portraits of Prince Charles Edward which probably gave Sir Walter the descriptions of the Chevalier in "Waverley;" the enormous keys of the Edinburgh Tolbooth; the last suit worn by the great Borderer; the mistletoe chest of Ginevra—these are a few of the treasures in the collection at Abbotsford. It is difficult to escape a feeling of sadness as we linger in these rooms so thronged with associations, the saddest of them all the last brave successful effort of the unconquered soul, whose genius converted his dreams of a home to be handed down to his posterity into a reality, which now to some degree belongs to all of us who love his memory.

DRYBURGH ABBEY

We are told how he loved to wander over Melrose Abbey and a stone in the Abbey is pointed out as a favorite resting place. It was his custom to take his guests over the beautiful ruins. Another Abbey a little farther away and also dear to him is Dryburgh, where he is buried in the tomb of his ancestors. Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 on the site of a Druid temple, by Hugh de Moreville, who was one of the four barons concerned in the assassination of Thomas á Becket. The vine-covered ruin which is very beautiful from every point of view shows the Gothic style of architecture but in much simpler form than that of Melrose. At one time it belonged to the maternal ancestors of Scott's father and it was here that Scott chose to be buried. The tomb where he, his wife, his soldier son, and his friend and biographer, Lockhart, lie is in St. Mary's

Chapel. It is a beautiful, peaceful haven of rest. The green sward about it is like velvet and the stately trees, cedar and sycamore and yew, seem to be keeping guard over the ruin.

THE DEBATABLE LAND

We must not leave this region beloved of Scott without going a little further south into the "Debatable Land," celebrated in song and story. In olden times before the Border line was fixed, this section of the country was the scene of constant strife and warfare over the ownership of the land, and there were fierce feuds between the families living on the two sides of the Border. Some of the clans on the Scottish side were the Armstrongs, Elliots, Kerrs and Scotts and among the English were the Dacres, Howards, Lowthers and Percys. The clans of each side lived by preying on those of the other. The stories of these raids and adventures are told in Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."

THE YARROW

Not far from Abbotsford are "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." The whole course of the Yarrow from its source in St. Mary's Loch has been celebrated in many a ballad, many a poem. In "Marmion" is a beautiful description of the Loch:

"* * * Lone St. Mary's silent lake:
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there.
Save where of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even his nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness;
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills;
 In summertime, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep:
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude."

The Ettrick Forest once covered the gentle slope of the hills that overlook Yarrow. The beauties of the Vale of Yarrow are pictured by James Hogg, who lived there and knew all the legends of the region; and by Scott, Wordsworth, Leyden and a host of others. Philiphaugh, near the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick Waters, was the scene of the defeat of Montrose, when the Royalist forces were utterly routed. This brought an end to that brilliant campaign conducted by Montrose for over a year during which, with almost nothing in the way of resources, he won six victories. Carterhaugh, the tongue of land where the waters join, is the scene of one of the best-known and most ancient of the Scottish fairy ballads, "Tamlane:":

"O I forbid ye, maidens a'
 That wear gowd on your hair,
 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
 For young Tamlane is there."

KELSO

East of Melrose lie the ruins of another beautiful abbey at Kelso. This also was founded by David I and became one of the richest abbeys in the land. Its abbots held proud positions as ambassadors, chancellors and the like.

*"The brethren who found a shelter in this noble house—let it be said for them—were not mere idlers; they were of the Tyrone order, and were distinguished as practising every sort of handicraft. No man was admitted into their fraternity who had not learned a trade of some sort; and the place was nothing less than a sort of technical college where tradesmen were instructed, and, moreover, a grand coöperative society which did the building, the gardening, the carpentering, etc., for the whole countryside. It is

*Francis Watt.

well to bear this in mind when we are tempted to be too hard upon the monks of the Middle Ages; for we must not forget that the maintenance, not only of learning, but also of the arts, in dark times, is thus largely due to them."

Here also was Roxburgh Castle which had a rich and varied history from the time David I lived there as Earl of Northumberland. This fortress-palace was a royal castle of great strength in the Middle Ages. Now but a few stones are left to mark its site. Across the Tweed from this historic spot is Fleurs or Floors Castle, the modern seat of the Duke of Roxburghe. The present Duchess of Roxburghe is an American of the Goelet family of New York.

JEDBURGH

This whole country is so full of monastic ruins, castles, places associated with history and romance that it would take too long a time to see them all, but we must visit one more Abbey founded by David I. This is at the Border town of Jedburgh, which was a royal burgh in David's time. It was the scene of many a raid and the castle, of which nothing remains, was in the hands first of one side and then of the other.

The ruins of the Abbey are noble and impressive even now. Fergusson writes: "The Abbey churches of Kelso and Jedburgh, as we now find them, belong either to the very end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century. They display all the rude magnificence of the Norman period, used in this instance not experimentally, as was too often the case in England, but as a well-understood style, whose features were fully perfected. The whole was used with a Doric simplicity and boldness which is very remarkable."

It was in Jedburgh Castle that the marriage festivities of Alexander III and Yolande, the beautiful daughter of the Count of Dreux, took place, where the final great event was a masked ball. When the gaiety was at its height and the King and Queen were dancing the royal dance, as the King

was about to take the hand of the Queen, he found the hand of a skeleton stretched toward him. The spectre kept pace before him, but terror filled the royal pair and their guests at the sight of the apparition. The Lord Abbot raised his crucifix and was about to exorcise the dreadful vision when it disappeared. But at the King's command the revels ceased. In six months Alexander was dead.

The house is still shown in Jedburgh where Mary Stuart lay ill several weeks after her ride to the Hermitage where Bothwell lay wounded. The story is well told by T. W. Henderson. "In 1566 Bothwell, the evil star of Mary's life, was Warden of the Scots Marches. The Moss troopers were specially troublesome, they had preyed on Fife and the Lowlands as well as on England. The authorities in Edinburgh were moved to an exhibition of stern justice, and Mary was to hold a solemn Justice Aire at Jedburgh. Bothwell was at Hermitage collecting prisoners for the Court, but in John Eliot of the Park, better known by his to-name of Little 'Jock Eliot,' a most notorious freebooter, he found more than his equal. The well-matched pair of ruffians had a hand-to-hand combat, the Warden got the worse, and was carried off wounded to Hermitage Castle. Jock was inordinately vain of his exploit, and you may be sure the Ballad very well expresses his sentiment:

"I vanquished the Queen's Lieutenant
And gar'd his fierce troopers flee:
My name it is little Jock Eliot
And wha daur meddle wi' me?"

Mary soon heard at Jedburgh of the supposed mortal peril of the object of her infatuation. After some days' suspense anxiety got the better of prudence. Mounted on a swift steed palfrey, and with an escort of nobles, she dashed off for Hermitage." Hermitage was twenty miles away and she made the trip there and back in one afternoon over what must have been rough country. "The peril of the way she did not altogether escape, her horse sunk in a morass, still called the Queen's Mire, and was freed with difficulty."

TANTALLON

East of Edinburgh on the coast about two miles from Berwick are the ruins of that grim old stronghold of the Douglasses, "Tantallon Castle." They stand on a precipitous cliff overlooking the sea.

"Marmion" says:

"Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battle walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse;
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the coast projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular;
Here was a square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean storm."

The early history of the Castle is not known but it came into the possession of the Douglasses in Robert II's time. When the old Earl of Angus known as "Bell-the-Cat," advised against the battle of Flodden, James IV. told Angus, if he was afraid, to go home.* "The aged counsellor almost heartbroken at such language addressed to one so brave as he had been, took the King at his word, and returned to Tantallon. Thither King James allowed Marmion to retire for safe-keeping, and here for some time he remained, listening with sinking heart to the news of those small triumphs of the Scottish army which were so sadly corrected by the overthrow of Flodden. At length Marmion could bear it no longer, it seemed 'death to his fame'

"If such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!"

Then comes the parting scene of the two proud noblemen,

*Francis Watt's "Picturesque Scotland."

the venerable Angus and the young and brave Marmion, at the gates of Tantallon. Marmion offers his hand to the old chief, and it is refused; the King, he says, may send anyone, even one who is not his peer, to Angus's castle, but the hand of Angus is his own. Marmion is enraged:

"And Douglas, more I tell thee here
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

The old Douglas fire is now aflame, and burns furiously:

"And darest thou thus
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscath'd to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

And so Marmion bethinks himself that he cannot start a moment too soon.

"Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprang,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume."

THE BASS ROCK

Off the coast at this point is the great Bass rock rising three hundred feet sheer out of the water. It is a mile round its base and is accessible only on one side. In the eighth century a Culdee hermit had his cell here. In later times there was a fortress here and in it were confined many of the Covenanters. The Bass was the last place in Scotland that held out for James VII.

IV. Aberdeen, Deeside, and Central Scotland

BIRTHPLACE OF MARY STUART

LINLITHGOW, west of Edinburgh, is a quaint, sleepy town with one long, winding street. It used to be a royal residence and the Palace with the township was the "dower-place" of the Scottish queens from Mary of Gueldres to Anne of Denmark. From early times a peel or tower of defence stood here, which the Kings used as a hunting-lodge. After this was destroyed James IV built the oldest part of the Palace as it now stands. James V brought his bride, Mary of Guise, here and it was here that their daughter, Mary Stuart, was born. It is this fact that gives it its chief interest. Indeed, every place that Mary Stuart graced by her presence is invested with an atmosphere of romance which is felt to a remarkable degree even to this day. "The history of the world is full of striking events. We have deeds of heroism, murders, intrigues of love and warfare, examples of beauty and crime apparently as remarkable as any we find in the history of this woman, and yet the dust of ages lies thick on them, while to this very day scholars fight for her fame as if, like knights of old, they had sworn to be her champions."

The noble, square-towered ruin stands on the bank of a beautiful little loch. In the court-yard is a drinking fountain placed there by James V. An excellent copy of this fountain stands in front of Holyrood Palace. After a defeat by "Bonnie Prince Charlie" the English troops under Hawley were quartered in Linlithgow Palace, which they finally succeeded in almost entirely destroying, but the ruins are stately and well worth a visit.

"Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling,
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnets' tune—
How blythe the blackbird's lay!

A Reading Journey Through Scotland

The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake—
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see a scene so gay."

—"Marmion."

HOME OF QUEEN MARGARET

On the other side of the Firth of Forth, a short distance away, is Dunfermline, the favorite residence of Malcolm Canmore and his queen. It was here that the blue-eyed, fair-haired Saxon Margaret with her brother, Edgar Aetheling, took refuge at the time of the Norman conquest. Malcolm soon loved the beautiful girl and made her his queen, and as she was as lovely in character as in person her softening, refining influence was felt not only in the rough Celtic court but in time raised the standard of civilization throughout the entire country. On a height in Pittencrieff Glen a few stones mark the site of their castle. The royal palace which was built later was a frequent residence of the sovereigns until the Union. Charles I was born here.

It is conjectured that Alexander III is referred to in the famous ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens:"

"The King sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the bluid-red wine."

The abbey-church is a combination of old and new, the Anglo-Norman nave dating from Canmore's time. In 1818 a new church was built on the site of the choir. In early times Iona was the burial-place of the Kings but it was succeeded by Dunfermline Abbey where were laid most of the Kings from Malcolm Canmore to Robert Bruce. Two hundred years after the death of Malcolm and Margaret the remains of the royal pair were taken from the tomb where they were first placed and re-interred behind the high altar. The church was being repaired early in the nineteenth century when the workmen found a shattered tomb known as that of Robert Bruce. Sir Walter Scott describes what followed: "They began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch;

and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breast bone appeared to have been sawed through in order to take out the heart. Before the coffin was closed, the people were allowed to pass through the church one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears, for there was the wasted skull which was once the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn." A new tomb was prepared where, in the presence of a great crowd of people, the bones were reverently laid, the place being marked by a great slab of porphyry.

Dunfermline has beautiful environs, among them the adjoining Pittencrieff Park, the gift of Mr. Carnegie. He was born in the town and his parents' cottage is pointed out as one of the sights of the place. He has given the town a Carnegie Library and a Technical School and "he has devoted a capital sum of half a million (\$2,500,000) for the provision of an annual income to be spent under the direction of trustees and outside the usual range of municipal activity—in promoting the higher welfare, physical, intellectual and moral of the inhabitants. The town has thus been made the subject of what Professor Geddes terms an experiment "in the new phase of civic development, a phase which, it may be added, is, in regard to most other towns, not so much new as non-existent."

LOCH LEVEN

North of Dunfermline lies Loch Leven, beautifully situated, with the Vale of Kinross stretching away to the north

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and east, and on the northeast the Lomond Hills where is the historic palace of Falkland. "It is supposed that the Loch is mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles around, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands." It has been lowered, however, so that now it is only eight and a half miles in circumference.

On one of the islands was a religious institution of the Culdees. But the event that throws a glamor of romance over Loch Leven for us is the fact that Queen Mary was imprisoned for nearly a year in a fortress on one of the islands. It was after her marriage to Bothwell and her subsequent surrender to the nobles of Carberry Hill. At that time the people of Edinburgh were very bitter against her and she was quietly taken to Loch Leven Castle, where she was put in charge of Lady Douglas, who was the mother of the Earl of Moray, Mary's half-brother. It was a dismal place. Mary's first attempt to escape was not successful. The next effort took place on the second of May, 1568. George Douglas, a son of the house, was suspected, justly, it seems, of loving Mary, and was banished from the Castle. But he continued making plans for her escape and a younger brother, William, was won to her allegiance. On the memorable night a hundred horsemen were concealed among the hills, and several were at Kinross near the loch. As they waited, at half-past seven when the guards went to supper, they saw a skiff dart out from the island. One of the rowers was Mary herself who helped the lad who took the precaution of locking the castle and then unnecessarily threw the keys into the loch. Jane Kennedy, one of the Queen's maids, came with her. As the boat touched shore an alarm was sounded from the Castle but it was too late. Mary, mounted on a swift steed, was galloping away with her faithful followers to safety—safety, however, only for a moment.

Early in the nineteenth century during a drought, the bed of the loch appearing, the keys of Loch Leven Castle were found. They are one of the precious relics at Abbotsford. The tale of Mary's imprisonment and escape is entertainingly told in "The Abbot."

STIRLING AND BANNOCKBURN

In beauty of situation Stirling rivals Edinburgh. Little is known of its early history but the very nature of its position made it inevitable that from earliest times a stronghold should have crowned the great crag which in some respects resembles the Castlerock of Edinburgh. The town itself, though it has several interesting old buildings, is inferior to that of Edinburgh. From the twelfth century Stirling Castle became one of the most powerful fortresses in the country. Its importance as a stronghold may be judged by the number of battlefields that lie about it, the most famous of them being Bannockburn.

Near by was the battle of Stirling Bridge in which Sir William Wallace gained a complete victory over the English. About four miles away the battle of Sheriffmuir took place in 1715, when the Jacobite forces under the Earl of Mar were met by the Duke of Argyll. The hostile armies ascended the opposite sides of the Hill of Muir and surprised each other at the top—hence the indecisive battle which is described in the following verses.

BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR

"Some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But o' ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran and they ran awa', man."

The buildings of the Castle have been much altered and are used as barracks, so there is little to be seen now. From its ramparts Bannockburn is visible. T. W. Henderson give an account of the challenge

and the result of the battle. The castle had been taken by Edward I. "It was still in the hands of the English in midsummer, 1313, when its governor, Sir Philip de Mowbray, made offer to Edward Bruce, in command of the besieging Scots, that he would surrender it within a year unless it were relieved. The compact was made rather in the spirit of knight errantry than of war: and by reason of its consequences it is entitled to rank as one of the noteworthy compacts in the annals of chivalry. By taking up the gage which Mowbray had thrown down the Scots virtually dared the English to come and relieve the castle. . . . Robert Bruce with the armed might of Scotland took up his stand to bar the approach of Edward to the castle, and Edward, to encompass, overwhelm and annihilate the northern army, advanced to its relief. . . . Edward hoped to gain not only the castle but Scotland as well. The Scots hoped to gain the castle, but even if they gained national freedom as well, they could not hope to gain England. With no possibility of an advantage corresponding to their possible disadvantage, they virtually staked their all on the issue. . . . The formal character of the challenge, the chivalric character of the compact and the complete victory of the smaller nation that was fighting for its very existence, thus entitle Bannockburn to rank not only as the greatest battle in Scots history, but as one of the most memorable in the annals of war.

. . . "Its moral effect was not to be reckoned by the number of the slain English. It was illimitable. The pride of that great achievement infused itself into the very life-blood of the nation, and was one of the determining factors of its destiny."

A bit of chivalry was enacted the day before the battle. "Bruce arranged his men with consummate generalship, and he honeycombed the flat ground lying on his wing with pits, and scattered freely caltrops, a deadly, many-pointed spike designed to lame and throw the horses of the enemy.

The day before the battle, De Bohun, an English knight, seeing Bruce riding in front of his men, challenged him to single combat. The challenge was accepted. As De Bohun rode at Bruce, the Scot drew aside, and bringing down his battle-axe on his antagonist's head, killed him instantly. This dramatic incident took place only about a quarter of a mile south of the Bore-Stone." Black's "Guide to Scotland."

High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing,
Right on de Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first, the last,
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut.

—Scott's "*Lord of the Isles*."

The Bore-Stone where Bruce set up his standard is still to be seen on the field.

Stirling castle again fell into the hands of the English under Monk, a general of Cromwell. The Jameses all lived here; here James V was crowned, and he built the palace which is the finest of the castle buildings. His daughter, Mary, also was crowned here and this was her home most of the time until she was taken to France. Her son, James VI, was baptized in the castle and he spent the first thirteen years of his life here. "The room is still to be seen, at the head of an outside stair, in which he was birched and taught his classics by that same grim scholar, George Buchanan, who had been the mother's preceptor in Greek and Latin, the greatest Latinist of his age."

During the contests for power between the Scottish magnates the castle was now in the hands of one party, now of another. The Covenanters garrisoned it during their struggle. During the "Fifteen" Argyll held the castle and town against the Jacobites, and during the "Forty-five" Prince Charles Edward made two efforts to seize the stronghold.

On the south side, under the castle rock were the royal gardens. Near by is a grass field shaped like an octagonal

mound. It was called the Round Table but its use is not known. From the days of the uncouth and pagan Picts to the times of royal pageants, gay hunting cavalcades, raids, and sieges, Stirling has been the scene of almost as many great and diverse events as Edinburgh.

PERTH

Perth, the "Fair City," is probably older than Stirling. It is said that the Romans on first beholding the town and the winding Tay, exclaimed "Ecce Tiber!"

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

—Scott.

Perth was a town of importance in Pictish times when Kenneth Macalpin was crowned at Scone, a mile and a half distant. It was known as Bertha until the thirteenth century, when, until after the Reformation, it was called St. Johnstoun, from its church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The appellation was too ecclesiastical for the Reformers, who resumed the use of the original name which had been slowly modified to Perth. For nearly three centuries after 1200 A. D. Perth was the seat of the Parliament as well as the court, but in 1482 James III transferred the Parliament to Edinburgh. Though Perth had many beautiful ecclesiastical and historic buildings the iconoclastic zeal of the Reformers was so great, that all traces of the greater part of them have disappeared. In the "Fair Maid of Perth" which tells of the time of King Robert III and his son, "the dissolute young Duke of Rothesay," Scott describes the combat on the North Inch* when the Clans Quhele and Kay fought each other almost to extinction. Thirty picked men from each clan contended until only ten were left of the Clan Quhele and only the young chief of Clan Kay.

It was in Blackfriars Monastery that James I, the "Poet King," was murdered by Sir Robert Graham and other re-

*Inch—Gaelic for island. The Inches of Perth are meadows.

bellious nobles. While the King and Queen were talking together in the evening there was a sudden flash of light and armed men were heard approaching. As some traitor had removed the bolts from the doors Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, thrust her arm through the staples, while the King concealed himself in a vault beneath the room. His hiding-place was discovered and he was murdered in the presence of the Queen. She was that Lady Joan Beaufort, whom James celebrates in the "King's Quhair," wherein he describes his courtship. The Queen did not rest until she had hunted down all her husband's murderers and put them to death with cruel tortures.

Nothing is left of Gowrie House, the scene of the alleged attempt on James VI's life. "On the morning of August 5, 1600, King James VI went hunting in the park of Falkland, Fifeshire. Alexander Ruthven, the brother of the Earl of Gowrie, approached him and told him in private a story of a man who had been seized with treasure-trove on him, and that he thought this treasure rightfully belonged to the King, and if the King came to Gowrie House in Perth he could himself question the man and obtain the treasure. When the chase was over James rode with a few followers across the twelve miles that separated him from Perth, and arrived at Gowrie House, a turreted chateau in the French style, not quite quadrangular, with gardens sloping to the Tay, and at one angle a turret tower, only reached by a narrow, winding stair. . . . After dinner the King was requested to come by himself to the turret before described, while his attendants strolled in the garden. . . . While they still hesitated, the King himself looked out of the turret window, crying, 'I am murdered—treason—help.' It was difficult for his followers to get to his aid or at first even find the narrow stair, but at last they did so, and in the *mêlée* that followed both the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were killed. . . .

"The alarm of the fracas spread rapidly. Tocsin

sounded in the city, and the citizens on hearing of the death of the Ruthvens were more furious than they would have been apparently at the death of the King. To pacify them was not easy, and the King and his party at length had to go away in a boat by water."

Perth was occupied at different times by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, by the Lords of the Congregation, by Montrose, Cromwell, Claverhouse, the Pretenders and Prince Charles Edward. The house of the "Fair Maid of Perth" is still pointed out. That and the Church of St. John are the only buildings of any antiquity. The massive square tower of the church is imposing and with the whole east part dates from the time of Bruce. The interior has been spoiled by a division into three churches. "In the Middle Church John Knox preached his inflammatory sermon on the eleventh of May, 1559—a sermon which set alight the spirit of iconoclasm, and led to the wrecking of half the churches in Scotland. It was at this time the ancient Abbey of Scone was wrecked."

At Scone, the place of the coronation of the Scottish Kings, nothing of historic interest is left. The famous Stone of Destiny on which so many of the Scottish Kings were crowned is now in Westminster Abbey. An old rhyme declares that

"Except old seers do feign,
And wizard wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find."

There is a beautiful walk up Kinnoull Hill, whence one has a magnificent view of the town and the lovely Carse of Gowrie, that fertile plain lying along the banks of the Tay which, with its waving fields of grain some one has called the granary of Scotland.

DUNKELD

A short distance north of Perth is Dunkeld which makes a fair picture with its splendid bridge, its noble river and its finely wooded mountains. In the early history of Scot-

land Dunkeld was a place of sacred associations. It is supposed that the disciples of Columba established a religious institution here about 570. When Kenneth Macalpin became king of the Picts and Scots he brought the relics of the Saint from Iona and deposited them in the church which he built in 848 at Dunkeld. This church was succeeded by a cathedral of which there remain some interesting ruins, including a tower of ninety feet. Though the Highland railway from Dunkeld to Inverness goes through some magnificent mountain scenery, including the celebrated pass of Killiecrankie, where Graham of Claverhouse, fighting for King James, fell just as he had won the victory over the English, we will return to Perth to go east to St. Andrews and Dundee.

ST. ANDREWS

St. Andrews is beautifully situated on a little plateau overlooking the sea though, as some one says, the charm is in the city rather than the situation, for the place would be bleak enough if the city were taken away. "The chief modern as well as historic, interest of Fife centers in St. Andrews. No longer the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland or Fife, it still preserves many fragmentary memorials of its ancient importance, and while it is, perhaps, more than ever the educational and intellectual capital of the shire, it may, in a manner, be regarded as the golf capital of the world." It has an ancient history. In early times a Culdee church was built on the promontory of Muckross. The possession of the relics of St. Andrew which were brought in the eighth century was the cause of the growth and importance of St. Andrews, but only the ruins of many fine old buildings are left. Of the five spires of the great cathedral, which was 370 feet in length, three are standing, with parts of the walls. The square plain tower of St. Regulus which looms beside it belonged to a still older building. Little remains of the great Augustinian Priory except the abbey wall, nearly a mile in extent. The Castle, the dwelling of the bishops,

built about 1200, stands on a rock cliff above the ocean and little is left but the ruined walls and the great keep. Kings and nobles and church dignitaries were entertained here, but the event that left its deepest mark in history was the martyrdom of George Wishart, "who was burnt at a stake fixed in front of the windows of the Castle so that the Cardinal could gloat on his dying agonies. But the persecutor did not long survive his victim, for in the same year a plot to enter the strongly fortified Castle was carried out by the Reformers' party, who came in under the guise of workmen and rushed the defences. The Cardinal was seized and killed, and his mangled body hung over the walls of his own stronghold for all the world to see."

St. Andrews has a historic university and several excellent schools. Its renowned golf links, of which it has three, attract many visitors, and apart from its golf courses and its historic associations, St. Andrews is a delightful place to visit.

DUNDEE

On the other hand, Dundee, which lies a little further north on the north bank of the Tay, has little to attract the tourist. It is a large, flourishing commercial city, and indeed is the third town in Scotland in size. Its early history is not known. David, Earl of Huntingdon, the hero of "The Talisman," landed here on his return from the Third Crusade where he had gone with Richard, Coeur de Lion. As a thankoffering for his escape from a perilous storm David erected a great church and tower which were destroyed by Edward I. They were rebuilt in the fourteenth century and are still used. The interior of the church is divided into separate places of worship. Dundee was sacked and burned four times, twice by Edward I. When General Monk under Cromwell took it he killed at least a sixth of the inhabitants and burned the town.

"One of Montrose's most brilliant feats took place in connection with Dundee. He descended swiftly upon the

town when he, almost alone in Scotland, still upheld the cause of Charles I. The inhabitants, after some show of resistance, surrendered to him. The Highlanders who composed Montrose's army began to plunder and drink, according to their custom after a victory, when in the midst of all the confusion a message was brought that the Covenanting forces, with 3,000 foot and 8,000 horse, were scarcely a mile distant. It was no easy task to get together the disorderly soldiers, to withdraw them, exhausted as they were with the twenty-mile march, from the food and shelter of the town; but it was done, and by one of the most amazing forced marches in history, a march which is a military record, Montrose drew off his forces and saved them by his invincible spirit, though all the mountain passes to the north were guarded against him, and though his wearied troops had to march sixty miles without food or sleep, often having to beat off the enemy in their rear." Black.

The most beautiful part of Dundee is its name, the city itself being built of a stone that seems to attract smoke and grime. The chief articles of trade are jute and linen and marmalade.

ABERDEEN

Aberdeen has long been called the Granite City and as we walk up its splendid Union Street we have evidence of the appropriateness of the name in the stately granite buildings that line it on each side. It lies on the North Sea between the mouths of the Dee and the Don, and, like most of the other Scottish town, has its own noteworthy history, though not so exciting a one as those of some of the towns farther south. "The earliest extant charter of Aberdeen was granted by William the Lion, and dates from 1178."

The Aberdonians played their part well in the national warfare. The most notable event that took place in this region was the Battle of Harlaw (nineteen miles distant) which was "one of the turning points of Scottish history, being between the Lowlanders or civilization on one

hand and the wild hordes of Highlanders, at that date little better than savages, on the other." In his "History of Scotland" Andrew Lang quotes:

"In July, on St. James's even,
That four-and-twenty dismal day,
Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven,
Of years since Christ, the sooth to say,
Men will remember as they may,
When thus the verity they know,
And mony a one will mourn for aye
The bloody battle of Harlaw."

The Provost of Aberdeen, Sir Robert Davidson, was slain in this battle. This misfortune gave rise to a law that while in office the Provost of Aberdeen might not leave the city limits, a law which holds good even to the present day.

Aberdeen remained Roman Catholic long after most of the other cities of Scotland had adopted the Reformed faith. Queen Mary stayed here when she was on her way north with her brother, the Earl of Moray, to chastise the insubordinate Huntley.

In new Aberdeen the main streets are broad and the buildings of light gray granite give a wonderfully cheerful effect even on a wet day, but some of the narrow side streets with their "little courts with outside stairs" and ancient gables and quaint corners carry us back almost to the Middle Ages.

"The hoary cathedral of St. Machar with its quaint massive, low-capped towers, dark walls, and beautiful western window, presents a character of its own." St. Machar was a disciple of Columba, but the present cathedral was built in the time of David I. The Covenanters did much to wreck it, and during the Commonwealth Cromwell's soldiers used part of it as a quarry.

One of the most beautiful and interesting structures in Aberdeen is King's College, founded in 1495. It is built around a court yard and the finest part is the chapel with its crown-topped tower. In 1860 King's College and Marischal College were united to form Aberdeen University.



Palace and Gateway, Stirling Castle



View from Cathedral Tower, Dunkeld



Loch Tay and Killin—An excursion from Dunkeld or Oban



Pitlochry, near the Pass of Killiecrankie



High Street, Dundee



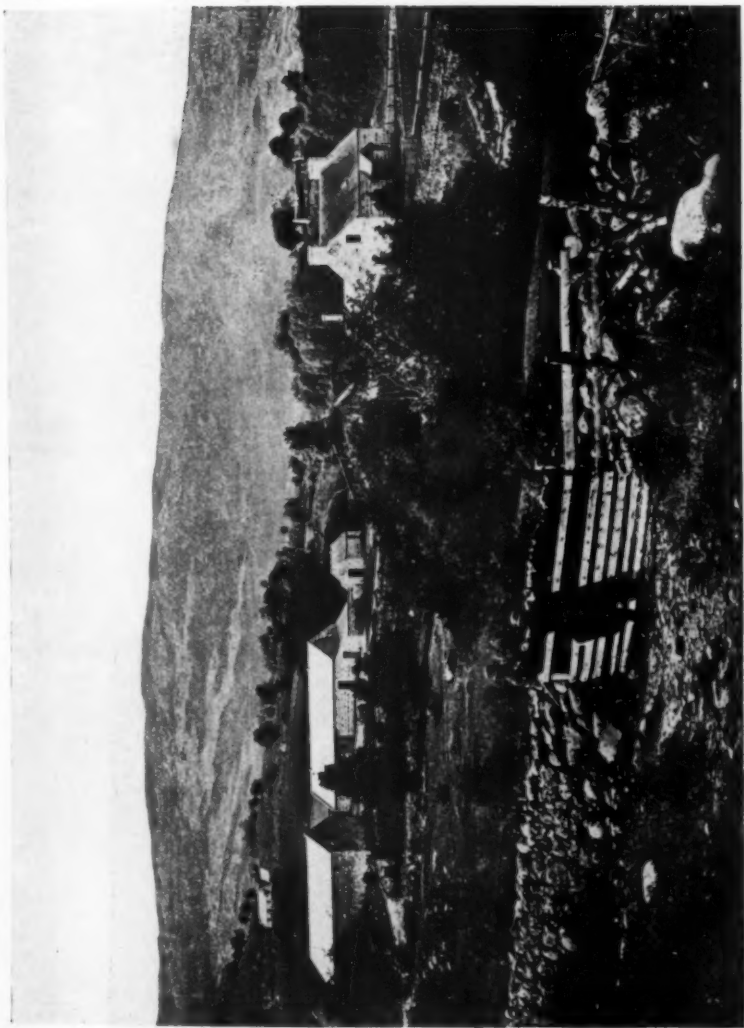
Dhu Loch, Lochnagar



Aberdeen Harbor



Union Street, Aberdeen



Ballatrich, where Byron spent part of his youth



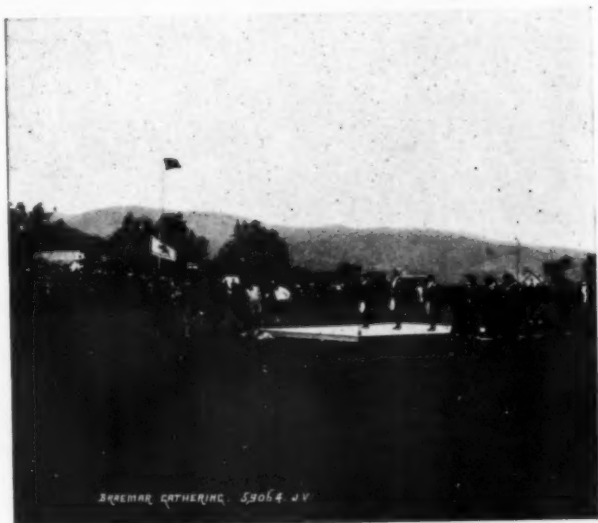
A Piper Major



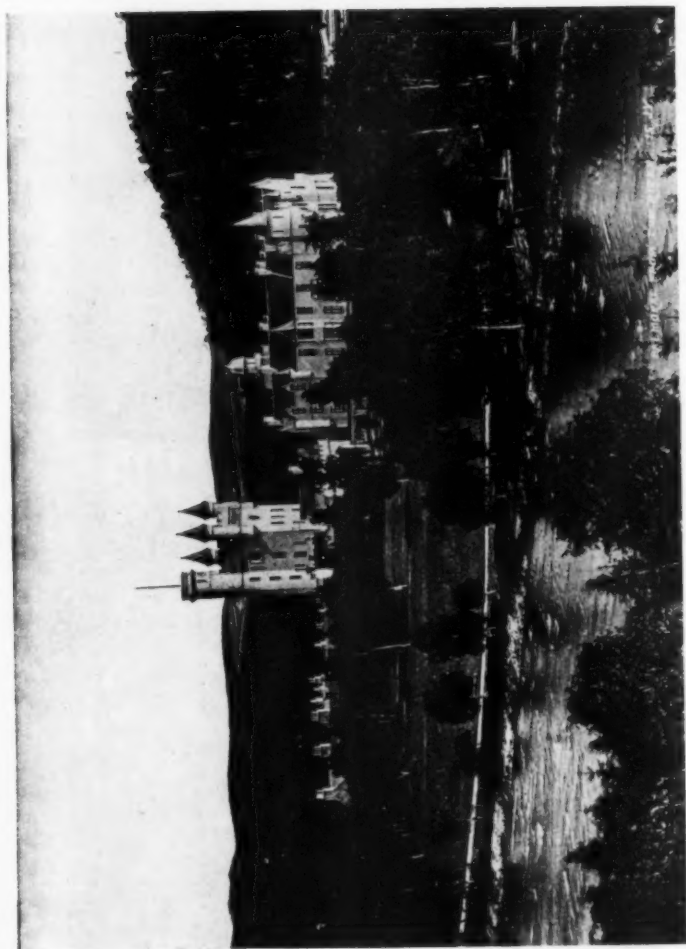
Rob Roy's Cave, near Ballater



A Scottish Reel



A Scottish "Gathering"



Balmoral Castle

Marischal College (founded in 1593) has for its present home a splendid building erected within the last twenty years, which is said to be second only to the Palace of the Escorial as the largest granite building in the world. The magnificent tower rises to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. Near the entrance a stone transferred from the original building bears the motto of the Marischals:

"They haif said;
Quhat say thay;
Lat thame say."

which is said to refer to the fact that the Marischals accepted a grant of church lands which made them unpopular and caused much comment. There were two hundred and fifty scholarships in the University before Carnegie bestowed his great benefaction. Now education there is free to all.

The Brig o' Balgownie was built in 1320 to span the Don. Lord Byron, who spent a part of his boyhood with his mother at 64 Broad Street, mentions it in the following lines from "Don Juan:"

"As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentle dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mind:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Lord Byron adds in a note that he well remembers the awful proverb which made him regard it with a mixture of childish delight and awe," he being the only son of his mother.

"Brig o' Balgownie, black's you' wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal
Doun ye shall fa'!"

Aberdeen, like Dundee, is a great commercial city. Its principal industry is fishing. The Findon Haddock originates here, taking its name from the little village of Findon

near Aberdeen. Two other important occupations are printing and the working of the native granite.

DEESIDE

The valley of the Dee extending to the west of Aberdeen is the most picturesque and romantic region in North Scotland, and its castles and the events which have taken place there have inspired almost as many ballads as have the vales of Tweed and Yarrow. But whereas those southern valleys lie amid more gentle scenery, Deeside, after a few pleasant country miles from Aberdeen, carries us straight into the wilder scenery of the Highlands. The Romans came as far north as Aberdeen and the remains of "Norman Dikes," one of their camps, is to be seen on a hill near Culter.

THE HOUSE OF DRUM

About twelve miles from Aberdeen we come to Drum Castle, one of the feudal strongholds. Its huge, square tower is said to have been built by William the Lion. The charter conferring Drum upon William Irvine in 1324 is still in existence, and the property has always remained in the Irvine family, who live here still. An old ballad tells how "The Laird of Drum" wedded the daughter of a shepherd. He brought her home, to the displeasure of the four-and-twenty gentlemen who "gaed in at the yetts o' Drum." To the remonstrance of his brothers the laird replied:

"Now, haud your tongue, my brother John,
What needs it thee offend, O?
I've married a wife to work and win—
Ye've married one to spend, O.

The first time that I married a wife
She was far abune my degree, O;
She wadna hae walked to the yetts o' Drum
But the pearlin abune her bree, O.
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee, O."

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel', O;
In through ha's and in through bowers—
And ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O!"

George Eyre-Todd in "Picturesque Scotland" says:

"The first Irvine of Drum was armour-bearer to King Robert the Bruce, and received these lands for faithful service; and the house from that time figured continually in Scottish history. One Sir Alexander Irvine was slain at Harlaw, and another was made Earl of Aberdeen by Charles I, though he never received his patent. The story of the house's long blood-feud with the Keiths of Dunnottar, Earls Marischal, is eminently typical of Deeside life in ancient times. It is a story of northern Montagues and Capulets. Keith's Muir between the castle and the river, is said to have been the scene of one of their encounters, and another tragic incident of the feud is associated with a spot in the river at hand. One of the Keiths, it appears, surprised in a stolen interview with a daughter of the house of Drum, fled to the Dee, and, plunging in, swam for his life for the opposite side. But the current was fierce, and his wind exhausted with his flight, and at a rock in the middle of the river he was compelled to pause for breath. As he clung there his pursuers reached the bank, and, taking deliberate aim, shot him dead. Keith's Stone and Keith's Pot, the pool around it, are still pointed out. This ancient feud was at last ended by the marriage of Alexander Irvine with Elizabeth Keith."

SCENES OF BATTLE

A few miles from the pretty village of Banchory which is growing in favor as a summer resort, is the Howe of Corrichie, the hollow where Queen Mary's forces, two thousand in number, were met by the disaffected Earl of Huntley and his five hundred men. Huntley died on the field of battle. Two of his sons were captured, and one of them, Sir John Gordon, who had the presumption to love Queen Mary, was executed in Aberdeen three days later.

A little farther along the railway runs through Lumphanan. Here "Macbeth made his last stand against his enemies" (1056), and here we see Macbeth's Cairn:

A Reading Journey Through Scotland

"Over the Mounth they chased him there
 Intil the woods of Lumphanan.
 * * * * *
 This Macbeth then slew they there
 In the wood of Lumphanan."

—*Wyntoun's Chronicle.*

Aboyne Castle, which has been in possession of the Gordons since 1388, belongs to the Marquis of Huntley, the head of the clan. The famous ballad "Edom o' Gordon" relates a stirring episode in the history of the house.

LORD BYRON

A few miles beyond Aboyne, where the scenery becomes entirely Highland in character, lies Ballatrach where Byron was sent when a boy to recover from the effects of a fever. He was always influenced by the impressions made on him by the mountains, and here, too, he met the Highland Mary who inspired him with a remarkable devotion which he describes in "Hours of Idleness."

"When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
 And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow!
 To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below;
 Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?
 Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name—
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt when a boy, on the crag-covered wild;
 One image alone on my bosom impressed,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.
 I crossed with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
 At the eve on my heath-covered couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you."

BALMORAL

At Ballater, another delightful resort, the railway stops, eight miles from Balmoral, the Highland home of which

Queen Victoria was especially fond. She first went there with the Prince Consort, who bought the estate and planned the castle, which thus is the private property of the royal family. The castle is built of white-grey granite in the Scottish Baronial style and was occupied by the Queen every autumn.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

In September of each year there is a meeting of the clans called the Braemar Gathering. As the name indicates the meeting usually takes place at Braemar, eight miles beyond Balmoral, but in one autumn at least it was held at Balmoral. At that time I was the guest of some Aberdeen friends at their summer home at Drum, and had the pleasure of going to the Gathering with the younger members of the family. From Ballater we rode on our bicycles to Balmoral. A short distance out from the town the road led up a hill, an ascent of nearly a mile. As I was not much accustomed to the use of "the wheel" the memory of that climb is still vivid—but not more so than the descent! The weather looked dubious for outdoor sports, but when we reached Balmoral the sun came out and we had what every true Scotsman had expected—"Queen's weather." It was said that the sun always shone when Queen Victoria honored any event by her presence. We had excellent seats next the enclosure where the games took place. The Queen's carriage drove up and the turbaned Indian servants who always accompanied her assisted her to her chair in the pavilion erected for the royal family. She walked rather feebly, being then eighty years old. The other "royalties" present were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, Prince George and the Princess May (now George V and Queen Mary) and their children, who were then very young. As the children walked from their carriage I was interested to see that, as in the case of their elders, not only the coachman and footman but the bystanders raised their hats because they were "princes of the blood." In the meantime the gentry and nobility of the

entire countryside had been gathering around the enclosure. The Gathering was opened by the marching in of the clans, each being led by the head of the clan. The Marquis of Huntley preceded the Gordons, and the clan of the Farquharsons was also in evidence. The men were all dressed in kilts of the clan tartan, and as they came in, stepping spiritedly to the sound of the bagpipes, their sporrans swaying from side to side, I felt my blood quicken. There is a certain swing and freedom of movement in a body of kilted Highlanders marching to the sound of the bagpipes that one sees nowhere else. After this followed the games, "putting" the stone, throwing the hammer, throwing the caber. Then there was a sword dance over crossed swords lying on the ground, while a lament was played on the bagpipes. Doubtless the skirl of the pipes thrills the heart of the Highlander, but to the uninitiated a long lament played on those same bagpipes makes him feel that death would be a happy end! At the close of the afternoon's games prizes were given and the clans re-formed and marched away.

During a pause in the games a pretty tableau took place on the grass in front of the royal pavilion. Prince George and his little daughter, who was dressed in white, stood talking together. The little one faced him and they were evidently having some fun together. His manner toward her was charming and he appeared both fond and proud of her. 'As we were strolling out of the enclosure the Queen's carriage passed close to us. Her face wore what seemed to me a most unhappy expression.

When we reached our bicycles we found we had only thirty-two minutes in which to catch the last train from Ballater, eight miles away. When my friends asked me if I thought I could do it I had a feeling that the credit of my country was at stake, so, though only once before had I ridden so far in a whole day, I promptly said "yes." As the road was full of wagonettes, brakes, and all sorts of carriages I had frequently to go so near the edge that I was

in imminent danger of rolling down the hillside. When we reached the top of that mile-long hill I lost my treadles and not being enough of an expert to put my feet on them again, went sailing down faster and ever faster, threading in and out and among the vehicles, and thinking that even if I had lost my feet, for the credit of America I must not lose my head! We reached the station at Ballater with a minute or two to spare and with my country's fame intact.

NEAR BALMORAL

We must go back to Balmoral to see a little more of the countryside. Queen Victoria loved the freedom and the solitude of this Highland home. She used to drive about in a pony-carriage and often talked with the country people. I was told that she frequently went into their humble cottages to visit, but there is nothing humble about the poorest Scot and sometimes the old housewives would refer to Her Majesty as the "old wifie."

At the south of Balmoral rises to a height of more than 3,700 feet Lochnagar, which sometimes has snow in its crevasses throughout the summer. From its summit is one of the most extensive views in Scotland. Byron has sung its beauties:

"Away, ye gay landscape, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strove through the pine-cover'd glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr."

In this region also is the wild Loch Dhub with granite precipices walling it about.

As we go toward Braemar we advance more and more into the heart of the Highlands. On entering Braemar we pass the place where in September, 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard and proclaimed James VIII of Scotland King. "The Fiery Cross* was sent forth over hill and pass—one branch stained with blood, the other singed with fire—to call men to arms, on pain of death and burning of their homes." Mar was a man of words rather than deeds which caused this Jacobite rising to end in failure.

A well known song was composed to celebrate the event.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR

The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding long and clearly.
The Highlandmen frae hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.
Wha' wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry?
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry,
Macdonalds' men, Clanranald's men,
Mackenzie's men, Macgilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the Lowland men
Of Callander and Airlie.
Fy, Donald, up and let's awa';
We canna longer parley;
When Jamie's back is at the sea,
The lad we loe sae dearly—
We'll go, we'll go, and meet the foe,
And fling the plaid and swing the blaid,
And forward dash, and hack and smash,
And fley the German carlie."†

Baemar is the favorite resort in all Deeside and it is thronged with visitors every season.

Though it would be possible for us to go over difficult mountain passes and thus to rejoin the Highland railway which we left at Dunkeld, it will be easier to return to Aberdeen to start for Inverness.

*Whenever a chief needed help or any warlike adventure was afoot the fiery cross was carried as a summons from clan to clan.

†"German carlie" refers to George I.

V. The Highlands and Islands

ELGIN

BEFORE reaching Inverness we come to Elgin which is well worth a visit, if only to see the imposing ruins of the Cathedral, which, in its day, was perhaps the most magnificent of all the cathedrals of Scotland. It was founded in 1224, and, after being destroyed by the "Wolf of Badenoch," an illegitimate son of Robert II, it was rebuilt in 1414. It suffered at the hands of various spoilers and was used as a quarry until, in 1820, the crown took possession of it. As it now stands, the most complete part of the building is the Chapter-house on the northeast, or the "Prentice Aisle," concerning the rearing of which a tradition is told similar to that of the pillar in Roslin Chapel. This portion is octagonal in form, "in the center of which a beautiful flowered and clustered pillar sends forth, tree-like, as it approaches the roof, its branches to the different angles, each with its peculiar incrustation of rich decorations, and its grotesque corbel." There are various interesting tombs in the ruins and on the south wall, with the date 1687, a tablet bears this inscription:

"This world is a citie full of streets,
And Death is the mercat that all men meets,
If lyfe were a thing that monie could buy,
The Poor could not live, and the Rich would not die."

There are other interesting ruins of olden times and Elgin itself is a pleasant, clean city set in a beautiful country.

INVERNESS

Inverness, though it has an ancient history, having been the capital of the old Pictish Kingdom where St. Columba interviewed King Brude, at the present day presents a most cheerful and modern appearance. A charter from William the Lion made it a royal burgh, but now it possesses few remains of antiquity. It lies on both sides of the River Ness which is crossed by four bridges.

The old Castle of Inverness was the stronghold of Macbeth, the Mormaor of Rosshire and also governor of Moray. When he was deposed, it was destroyed by Malcolm Canmore, who erected a new castle, which for several centuries continued to be a royal fortress. When Queen Mary visited Inverness on her tour to suppress the insurrection of the Earl of Huntly, the governor of the castle, being in the interest of the Earl, refused her admission. Soon after it was taken by her troops and the governor was hanged. In 1746 it was blown up by Prince Charles Edward that it might not become a stronghold for his enemies. The present castle is modern and contains the County Buildings.

As Inverness lies near the mouth of the Ness, with Beaulieu Firth at the west and the Moray Firth stretching away to the North Sea, it is an excellent center for excursions. The valley between Inverness and Loch Ness is beautiful, the river flowing between wooded banks. In the river about a mile from the town are two charming wooded islands laid out as pleasure grounds.

CULLODEN

Five miles from Inverness is Culloden (or Drummoisie) Moor, "where the ill-fated grandson of James VII hazarded and lost his last cast for a crown" (April 16, 1746). "The moor is as grim and shelterless a waste as vengeance could desire for an enemy's grave. A low hill, on the slope of which the battle was fought, is crowned by a straggling fir plantation. It slopes gently to the south as far as the river Nairn, beyond which rises abruptly a dark mountain-ridge. The level nature of the ground rendered it peculiarly unfit for the movements of the Highland army against cavalry and artillery."

During the night of April 15 Prince Charlie and his army of about 5,000 men were encamped on the moor. Supplies had run low and the rations were only one biscuit per man the day before. The night was very cold. When the Prince's body of half-starved, half-frozen Highlanders

met double their number of well-fed men under the Duke of Cumberland, George II's "fat son," they were in no condition to win a battle. "By eleven o'clock the enemy were seen advancing, and the Highlanders played their bravest music. But dissension was rife in the ranks. The Macdonalds, placed upon the left wing, were sulky at not having the post of honor on the right; they refused to move, and remained doggedly without firing a shot. Even the elements were unfavorable: a biting storm of snow and hail fell from behind the Englishmen, right in the faces of the Highlandmen. At last the order was given them to charge, a command for which they had been eagerly waiting; they flung themselves valiantly on the enemy, but the withering fire they received at close quarters decimated their ranks. When Cumberland's dragoons got round the Highlanders' flank and threatened them in the rear, then indeed it was seen the day was lost.

"Charles was persuaded to leave the field. The English under Cumberland commenced their work of carnage on the wounded and the stragglers, and this slaughter has earned for Cumberland the name of 'Billy the Butcher.'"

Smollett in his "Tears of Scotland" writes:

"Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel."

About a thousand of the Highlanders were slain in the engagement and of the Royalist army three hundred and ten were "killed, wounded and missing." Stones at the head of the trenches where the slain were interred bear the names of their clans. On one stone are the names "M'Gillivray, M'Lean, and M'Laughlan;" on separate stones are "Clan Stuart of Appin," "Clan Cameron," and "Clan Mackintosh." Two graves are marked "Clans mixed." A large monumental cairn marks the spot where the battle took place.

Inverness, being the headquarters of the clans, suffered most severely from the defeat. The poet Burns, who visited Culloden Moor in 1787, put into verse the lament of not one lass but many:

"The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e—

Drummossie muir, Drummossie day!
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay—
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrong to them or thee."

THE ORKNEYS

Energetic travelers enjoy going north through the province of Caithness, and at Thurso taking boat for the Orkneys. From the character of the Scottish Highlands we should expect in the Orkneys rugged headlands and grand cliff scenery, but the character of all the ninety islands is that of rolling uplands. In early times they were held by the Scandinavians and did not come into the possession of Scotland till 1266. Kirkwall, the capital and the larger of the two towns of Pomona, is a sleepy little fishing settlement, but it has a wonderfully beautiful Cathedral built of red sandstone in the Norman style. It was founded in 1137 by Rögnvald, Jarl of Orkney, but was not completed till some centuries later. There are also interesting ruins of the Bishop's palace and the Earl's palace, the latter of which is described in "The Pirate." All through the islands there are buildings, such as *brochs* or round towers, attributed to the Picts.

THE SHETLANDS

The Shetlands, one hundred in number, are fifty miles north of the Orkneys and there we find the grand coast scenery that we missed in the Orkneys. Lerwick, the capital of the islands, is a quaint town built on a steep hillside sloping down to a magnificent, land-locked harbor. Fishing is the principal industry of both groups of islands, and, as the pasturage is excellent, sheep raising is extensively carried on and knitting from the natural wool is an occupation of both the Orkneys and Shetlands. The tiny ponies of Shetland would be fascinating to children as many of them are smaller than any Shetland ponies I have ever seen in this country.

One of the vessels of the Spanish Armada was wrecked near one of these islands and two hundred of the Spaniards reached the shore. As the natives had barely enough to subsist on they did not welcome two hundred more mouths to fill. Many of the Spaniards died of starvation, some were hurled over the cliffs, but some lived there and married and bequeathed their dark hair and eyes to their descendants.

LOCH MAREE

We must return to Inverness and take the excursion to Loch Maree, considered by many to be the most beautiful lake in Scotland. We go by rail to Achnasheen and from there by coach to the Loch, which is eighteen miles long, and, at its widest part, three miles across. It possesses a variety of scenery, and on a fair day it is delightful to glide about on a launch among the numerous little wooded islands. At the north end the water is overhung by precipitous mountains.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

Once more we return to our headquarters, Inverness, whence, at Muirtown, a mile and a half away, we take steamer to go down the Caledonian Canal which follows the course of the Great Glen. "The Great Glen as it is called

by Sir A. Geikie, is one of the most remarkable geological incidents in Scotland. A convulsion, in ages long gone by, caused a great fault or fracture, which dislocated the country diagonally from side to side. This is, even geologically speaking, an ancient fracture, at least as old as the Old Red Sandstone. It has been subject to repeated displacements since, and in modern times the waters of Loch Ness have been agitated by earthquakes, which goes to prove that the line is one of weakness in the crust of the earth." The canal itself, begun in 1804, is a wonderful feat of engineering which connects the chain of lochs, making a waterway of sixty miles and a half, twenty-two of which are canal. The whole route is very beautiful. The steamer at first glides between banks covered with gorse* with beautifully wooded hills stretching away on one side and lovely open country on the other. Loch Ness is twenty-six miles long and a mile wide. Its scenery is magnificent, the lower slopes being covered with a great variety of trees, the upper part in the late summer showing purple with heather. Indeed at that season most of the slopes of Scotland are dyed with the rich purple of the heather. On the west bank of the loch Urquhart Castle, which figured largely in medieval times, stands on a promontory. The greatest attraction on Loch Ness is the Cataract of Foyers, two falls a quarter of a mile apart. "The lower fall makes its descent in a sheet of dazzling whiteness, into a deep and spacious linn surrounded by gigantic rocks, and the perpendicular height is stated to be about two hundred feet." Burns describes the scene in his lines "written with a pencil while standing by the fall:"

"Among the heathy hills and rugged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,

*A wild shrub with small yellow flowers. Broom and furze and whin are somewhat like gorse.

Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding low'rs,
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid caldron boils."

At the southern end of the loch is Fort Augustus. The fort has been converted into a Benedictine Monastery, but except for this paradoxical change it has no particular interest. After following the River Oich, the canal, going through a series of locks, enters Loch Oich, the summit lake, ninety-four feet above high water.

PRINCE CHARLIE

All this region has been made romantic by the fact that for five months after Culloden, Prince Charlie was a fugitive here with a price of £30,000 (about \$150,000) on his head. That was an almost fabulous sum for those days, but, however poor his adherents, it was no temptation to them. The fine old ruin of Invergarry Castle stands near Loch Oich. Prince Charlie visited the castle while he was on the rising tide of success, but after Culloden, he found the place deserted and dismantled, and later it "fell a prey to the destroying army of the Duke of Cumberland."

A PICTURESQUE ROUTE

Though small, Loch Oich is very beautiful, with green isles, wooded banks, and magnificent views of mountains. We come next to Loch Lochy where the dark hills rise precipitously from the water. At the lower end of the loch from Gairlochy a road, called the "Black Mile," because of the density of the overhanging foliage, runs to Glen Arkaig where was Achnacarry, the home of Lochiel, chief of Clan Cameron, "one of the noblest and grandest of the Highland chiefs of his time. He was exiled and ruined after the '45 for his loyalty to a fallen house, and died in 1748."

The canal now follows the River Lochy. At the south is grand old Ben Nevis (4,406 feet), the highest mountain

in Great Britain. It was near here in Glen Loy that Montrose gained an important victory over Argyll for Charles I.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

It is customary to disembark at Banavie to escape the long flight of locks called "Neptune's Staircase," but the sail from Corpach where the Caledonian Canal route ends, down the Loch Linnhe, a sea-loch, is most delightful. West of the head of the loch is Loch Shiel where Prince Charlie gathered his clans. "On the level plateau at the head of the loch is a columnar monument raised in memory of the fateful day of August 19, 1745, when the buoyant Prince first came to meet the clans of his country. It was eleven in the morning, and he arrived by boat up Loch Shiel. Not long after, eight hundred Highlanders came marching down the glen, bringing some prisoners, soldiers of King George, whom they had taken. The Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the standard, and Macdonald of Kippoch appeared with three hundred more men. Then 'Jenny Cameron, riding on a beautiful white pony, with green furnishings, richly trimmed with gold, and carrying a sword, rode in at the head of two hundred and fifty Camerons.' Here for that night the sanguine members of that forlorn hope encamped; and here, on the summit of the column, now stands the statue of the young Prince, fixed forever in the attitude of expectation."

THE PASS OF GLENCOE

Not far from Ballachulish is Glencoe, the scene of the "infamous massacre" of the Macdonalds. "In the Gaelic tongue Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth," says Macaulay, "that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish Passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greatest part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along the stream which issues from



Inverness from the Castle



Broad Street, Kirkwall, Capital of the Orkneys



Culloden Monument



Loch Maree



Lerwick, Capital of the Shetland Islands



Scene of the Glencoe Massacre



A Highland Clachan



Oban and the Sound of Kerrara



Cathedral and St. Oran's Chapel at Iona



Fingal's Cave



In the Trossachs



Loch Coruisk, Skye



Callander Bridge



Aberfoyle, from which the Ascent of Ben Lomond may be made



Loch Achray, Trossachs Church



Loch Lomond

the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. The progress of civilization which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate."

After the Highland rising of 1688 it was decreed that the chiefs of all the clans should swear an oath of allegiance to the new government before January 1, 1692. MacIain Macdonald, the old chief of Glencoe, waited till the last moment, then hurried through snow and storm only to find the sheriff gone. In spite of his breasting the winter gales Macdonald could not take the oath till January 6. The Earl of Breadalbane, who had charge of this affair, was head of the clan Campbell, hereditary foes of the Macdonalds, so he determined to make an example of the old chief.

"On the first of February a hundred and twenty soldiers, under one Captain Campbell, appeared at Glencoe, and assuring the inmates that they were there for a peaceable purpose, remained with them as honored guests, eating their food and living in their houses for twelve days. The Macdonalds had the less reason to suspect treachery as Ian's second son was married to Campbell's own niece. Meantime arrangements had been made by which the soldiers were to be posted at the great ravines or outlets into the hills, so that none should escape the intended massacre, woman or child, young or old. Luckily this part of the enterprise was not properly carried out. Early in the morning of the day fixed for the slaughter, Glenlyon and his men made ready, and began by murdering their hosts in their beds. They then proceeded indiscriminately to slaughter all those who ran out half-naked to inquire the meaning of the shots. They knocked at the old chief's door and shot him while the words with which he courteously offered them refreshment were

hardly out of his mouth." His two sons escaped and, owing to bad management, only thirty-eight were killed, though many of those who escaped died of hunger and exposure. All their houses were burned and their cattle driven away. An outcry of indignation arose in England as well as Scotland, but nothing was done to punish the criminals.

OBAN, STAFFA, AND IONA

Oban is beautifully situated on a land-locked harbor with hills rising at the back and islands stretching away in front. It is a frequented summer resort. One of the most popular excursions from it is to the islands of Staffa and Iona. Staffa is small, only a mile and a half around, and is uninhabited. It is of the same wonderful columnar formation that is seen at the Giant's Causeway, but in far greater grandeur. There are several caves in the island, Fingal's Cave, the largest, being nearly seventy feet in height and two hundred and thirty in depth. This basaltic formation is most interesting. The columns are, for the most part, hexagonal in form and fit together so closely that you could not slip a knife-blade between them. In 1810 Sir Walter Scott visited the two islands under the guidance of the chief of Ulva. He gave an account of his visit to Staffa in a letter to Joanna Baillie. "It is one of the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. It exceeded, in my mind, every description I had heard of it; or, rather, the appearance of the cavern, composed entirely of basaltic pillars as high as the roof of a cathedral, and running deep into the rock, eternally swept by a deep and swelling sea, and paved, as it were, with ruddy marble, baffles all description. You can walk along the broken pillars with some difficulty, and, in some places, with a little danger, as far as the farthest extremity. Boats can come in below when the sea is placid, which is seldom the case."

IONA

The Island of Iona, or Icolmkill, as it used to be called, is a bare and isolated little place, and seems peculiarly fitted

to be the home of a religious house. Columba's monastery founded in 565, was a collection of wattled huts, but nothing of these or of his church is left. The oldest building on the island is St. Oran's Chapel, built by St. Margaret on the site of Columba's original church. The Cathedral was probably built in the time of David I. All the Scottish kings from Columba's time to the days of Malcolm Canmore* were buried in Iona. Four Irish kings, one French king, and eight Norse kings were also buried in Iona, the sacred Isle, the home of the Celtic Church. The only relic remaining from the time of Columba is the stone said to have served as his pillow. There were once three hundred crosses on the island, well occupying it, since it is only three miles long by one mile wide. Only two of these crosses remain. Iona suffered greatly from the indiscriminating iconoclastic zeal of the reformers. It is almost impossible to realize on this barren little spot the richness of its history from the first landing of Columba up to the time when the glory of the Celtic church had vanished. In modern days Wordsworth wrote three sonnets on the island and Scott referred to it in "The Lord of the Isles."

SKYE

One of the most interesting and delightful excursions from Oban is to the Isle of Skye, the largest of the Inner Hebrides. It can also be visited from Inverness as well as from other points. Those who enjoy magnificent views will wish to spend some time in Skye.

"No doubt most of the island's attraction consists in its wild and desolate scenery," says Todd. "Nowhere in Scotland, probably, is there anything at once so terrible and so full of beauty. From the clear green seas that wash the island shores wild crags shoot up their splintered pinnacles three thousand feet into the sky. Deep among the feet of these mountains lie tarns dreadful and black as night; and again, here and there, in lonely corrie or seaside glen, a

*Malcolm Canmore was buried in Dunfermline.

burn sings blithely down by some bit of sylvan fairyland."

The principal landowners in Skye are The Macleod and Lord Macdonald whose clans in olden times were in deadly feud.

BY COACH TO THE QUIRAING

Portree, the capital of Skye, is finely situated on heights above the harbor, but aside from being a good center for excursions has little of interest. The coaching trip to the Quiraing in the north of the island is full of attraction. O, the joy of those early morning starts by coach or by boat when the air is so pure and fresh that it makes your blood leap in your veins with the joy of being alive! The little excitement of taking your place on the coach, the little wait till all are ready! Then the hostler stands aside from the horses, the coachman cracks his long whip, the horses leap forward and you are off!

The Quiraing is a crater-like grassy platform on the top of a hill 1,500 feet high. Alexander Smith wrote of it: "The Quiraing is a nightmare of nature; it might be the scene of a Walpurgis night; on it might be held a Norway witch sabbath. Architecture is frozen music it is said; the Quiraing is frozen terror and superstition. 'Tis a huge spire or cathedral of rock some thousand feet in length with rocky spires or needles sticking out of it. . . . The country round is strange and abnormal, rising into rocky ridges here, . . . sinking into hollows there, with pools in the hollows—glimmering almost always through drifts of misty rain." On a second visit he wrote: "On the present occasion we saw it in fair sunlight; and what the basalt columns, the shattered precipices, the projecting spiry rocks lost in terror they gained in beauty. Reclining on the soft green grass—strange to find grass so girdled by fantastic crags—we had through fissures and the rents of ancient earthquake, the loveliest peeps of the map-like under world swathed in faint sea azure."

FLORA MACDONALD

The road to Quiraing passes near Kingsburgh, the home of Flora Macdonald, the rescuer of Prince Charles. Indeed the memories which these two names invoke invest Skye with a romantic charm.

After Charles's escape from Culloden he was guided to the Outer Hebrides where he was hunted from island to island. His adherents did everything to assist him. They concealed him, provided him with food, and kept a boat in readiness for his escape, but the watchful militia was everywhere. It was finally arranged that Flora Macdonald, the step-daughter of Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in Skye, should help him to get away. "That she had prudence, decision and energy of character, subsequent events abundantly proved." She had seen Prince Charles once before at Holyrood, but she found a great change in him when she met at Benbecula, in the Outer Hebrides, the haggard and hunted Prince who had been the idol of the throng at Holyrood. Flora Macdonald was arrested as she was going to Ormaclode to complete arrangements, it having been planned that the Prince, dressed as a woman, should pass as Miss Macdonald's maid. As the commanding officer was her father, who was secretly a Jacobite, she was released and provided with a passport for herself, her maid, Betty Burke, and her attendants. She first attempted to land on the west coast of Skye, but almost ran into a camp of militia. At last they reached the shore at Kilbride near the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Mugstat. The house was filled with guests and soldiers and Lady Macdonald in "an agony of terror" insisted on the Prince's removal. The matter was confided to Macdonald of Kingsburgh, one of the guests, who immediately offered to do everything he could for the safety of the Prince. He put a bottle of wine and some food in his pockets and went down to the beach where "Betty Burke" was hiding among the rocks. At nightfall Kingsburgh took him to his own house. His little

daughter rushed up to tell her mother that her father had brought home "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaped old wifie she had ever seen." The next morning Charles, dressed again in man's clothes, went to the shore to embark for the mainland. Kingsburgh gave him a pair of new shoes, the refugee's being much worn in his wanderings. The old ones were kept at Kingsburgh's house, bits of them being given away as precious relics. The sheets he slept in were sacredly preserved and at last served as shrouds for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald.

At the shore Prince Charles bade farewell to Flora Macdonald. "He spoke no word of thanks but took her hand and pressed it convulsively. He gazed down for a moment on the fair young face, and the eyes dimmed with tears, but bright with the profound fidelity of her race. Then he reverently bared his head and bending down kissed her twice on the forehead." At the boat he turned and said: "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." They never did meet again. A good deal of romance has been woven about this incident which is sufficiently romantic itself. The story of a hopeless passion such as is narrated in "Flora Macdonald's Lament" is without foundation. "She was animated by no other feeling than heroic devotion, and he, by the chivalrous respect which he invariably exhibited to her, shows himself to have been quite aware of this." Flora Macdonald was arrested and taken to London but was soon released to find herself a heroine. She was happily married to a Macdonald and lived forty-four years after these events which made her famous. Dr. Johnson in his tour in the Hebrides visited her. "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

At the very north of the peninsula where the Quiraing is, is a wind-swept graveyard, where a Celtic cross marks the grave of Flora Macdonald.

The wanderings of Prince Charles are described in a fascinating story by Neil Munro, "Children of the Tempest."

DUNVEGAN CASTLE

Magnificently situated on Loch Follart in the north-west of the island is Dunvegan Castle, the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. It is owned by Macleod of Macleod who most generously admits visitors to the Castle as well as to the Park. The oldest part of the castle, the keep, was built in the ninth century. In the drawing room are some rare treasures, among them the great drinking horn of Rory Mor, one of the family ancestors. Each heir, on coming of age, was supposed to drain this at a single draught. Another quaint and curious cup of bog-oak chased with silver is said to have belonged to a King of Ireland in the tenth century. The chief treasure, perhaps, is the Fairy Flag, said to have been taken from a Saracen chief during the Crusades, though what a Fairy Flag was doing in the Crusades is not explained. It was believed that in times of emergency, if invoked, it would three times come to the assistance of the clan. It is on record that it fulfilled its mission on one occasion at least. There is a haunted chamber in the Castle which Scott slept in and described in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." The history of the Clan Macleod as connected with this castle is immensely interesting.

LOCH CORUISK

We must not leave Skye before visiting the wildest and most desolate sheet of water, Coruisk, "the most remarkable loch in Britain." Of it Dr. Norman Macdonald gives a vivid description: "Around me were vast masses of hypasthene and the ridge on which I stood was so broken and precipitous that I could not follow its descent to the valley. At my foot lay the lake, silent and dark, and around it a

vast amphitheater of precipices. The whole of the Cuchulins seemed gathered in a semicircle round the lake, and from their summits to their base not a blade of verdure—but one bare, black precipice, cut into dark chasms by innumerable torrents, and having their bases covered by débris and fallen rocks. Nothing could exceed the infinite variety of outline—peaks, points, teeth, pillars, rocks, ridges, edges, steps of stairs, niches—utter wilderness and sterility. From this range there are gigantic projections standing out, and connected with the main body, and there lay the lake, a part hidden from our view, behind a huge rock. There it lay, still and calm, its green island, like a monster, floating on its surface. I sat and gazed, 'My spirit drank the spectacle.' I never felt the same feeling of the horribly wild—no never; not even in the Tyrolese Alps." Sir Walter Scott chose Loch Coruisk as the scene for Bruce's landing in "The Lord of the Isles:"

"A scene so stern as that dread lake
With its dark ledge of barren stone,
Seems that primeval earthquake's way
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still."

A GROUP OF LOCHS

Three miles north of Oban at the mouth of the beautiful Loch Etive are the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle which was said to be the seat of the Scots' kingdom before it was united to that of the Picts. It is also claimed that the Stone of Destiny was here before it was taken to Scone. In going from Oban to the Trossach region we pass Loch Awe, thirty miles in length, with its finely wooded shores and picturesque ruins of Kilchurn. If we wish to go to Killin and Loch Tay we shall have to branch off at Crianlarich. A boat from Killin will take us through the charming loch to Kenmore. The modern Taymouth Castle, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane is well worth a visit. Rejoining

the railway at Crianlarich we go down through a magnificent stretch of Highland scenery to Callander, a rather popular summer resort lying in the valley of the Teith amid beautiful surroundings.

THE TROSSACHS

Here we take coach and drive to and through the Trossachs, the "bristling country." If we are fortunate enough to secure a seat next to the Highland driver he will point out all the places of interest and add a flavor of Highland humor in the telling. As we speed on toward Loch Katrine we pass Coilantogle, recalling, as does all this region, the "Lady of the Lake"—

"I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle Ford—"

and come to peaceful little Loch Vennachar—

"Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There ridge on ridge Ben Ledi rose—"

and then to Lanrick Mead, the mustering-place of Clan Alpine (the Macgregors). Now our way winds along lovely, quiet Loch Achray. On the banks of Loch Achray is the palatial Trossachs Hotel, built in the Scottish baronial style. We now go through the Heart of the Trossachs, the road winding through woods of richest green with mountains towering above and ravines showing below, till suddenly we come to the calm waters of lovely Loch Katrine, where a little steamer is waiting for us.

ON LOCH KATRINE

Here we are nearest Ben Venue.

"High to the south, huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

We soon pass the thickly-wooded shores of Ellen's Isle and catch a glimpse of the "Silver Strand."

"One burnished sheet of living gold
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length, far winding, lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

'All too soon the delightful sail comes to an end and we disembark at Stronachlachar. It seems very prosaic to be told that the clear waters of Loch Katrine are piped to supply the City of Glasgow! At the inn at Stronachlachar, as well as at the other hotels on this route, a guide-book succinctly remarks, "every comfort can be had by paying for it."

TO INVERNAID

From Stronachlachar runs a drive of five miles over open moorlands. We may be fortunate enough to see some of the shaggy Highland cattle which add picturesqueness to the scene. We pass Loch Arkelet with Corriearklet, a home of Rob Roy and his wife, Helen, at its north end. The drive ends at Invernaid on Loch Lomond. The country about here is connected with Robert Bruce "who was often hunted from one refuge to another among these woods."

BY WATER TO BALLOCH

Here we take steamer again to sail through the length of Loch Lomond. It is all delightful—the stops at the landing stations along the way, the changing views of old Ben Lomond. Though mountain climbers all ascend Ben Nevis near Fort William, the view from Ben Lomond is far more extensive and better worth the ascent. We disembark at Balloch and there take train for Glasgow. As we pass the rock of Dumbarton we shall remember that the Castle is of great antiquity and that it was the ancient Alcluyde, the seat of those Brythons who inhabited Strathclyde.

"The adroitness with which Robert Bruce, after he had taken from the English all the other strongholds of Scotland, succeeded in obtaining possession also of the Castle

of Dumbarton, is a memorable episode in his life," says Black, "Sir John Menteith, who was then its keeper, promised to surrender it to him on extravagant conditions which were agreed upon. His intention in so doing was, when Bruce should come to receive possession, to make him a prisoner. For this purpose he had secreted in a cellar a body of armed English soldiers, and a ship was in the Clyde ready to transport him to London. Bruce, however, was warned of his danger; he, notwithstanding, proceeded to the Castle with some attendants, and was welcomed by Menteith, who delivered to him the keys of the Castle, and conducted him through it. Bruce observed that he was not admitted into a particular cellar which he passed; and he insisted on its being opened; there the English soldiers were discovered, and they confessed the whole conspiracy. By the order of Bruce the traitor was himself imprisoned in that very cellar; but he was afterward pardoned by the generous monarch."



VI. Glasgow and Ayrshire

THE ANCIENT TOWN

GLASGOW, often called the "commercial capital" of Scotland, is the second largest city in Great Britain. Though its fame now rests on its great and comparatively modern commercial development and its splendid municipal arrangements which are the admiration of the world, it, like most of the other Scottish cities, has a history that goes back of the earliest records. St. Nimian is said to have founded a cell here in the third century, and here, in the sixth century St. Kentigern or Mungo began his missionary labors. Glasgow has a charter granted by King David.

Queen Mary came to Glasgow when Darnley was ill there with small-pox. Her last visit was after her flight from Loch Leven Castle, when her forces were defeated at Langside, two miles from Glasgow. The city was in the center of the Covenanting wars of which its people took an active part.

The motto of Glasgow is "Lord, let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of Thy Word," but it is usually shortened to "Let Glasgow flourish."

THE 17TH CENTURY ASPECT

In visiting the big, smoky city, it is hard to realize that it was the admiration of all visitors in the seventeenth century on account of its beautiful situation on a green hill above the Clyde, and also on account of the "fairness and beauty" of the town. "What to think, or what to say of this eminent Glasgow, I know not, except to fancy a smell of my native country. The very prospect of this flourishing city reminds me of the beautiful fabrics and the floral fields in England." T. W. Henderson in "Scotland Today" writes: "James Brome, writing in 1669, affirms that 'for pleasantness of sight, sweetness of air, and delightfulness of its gardens and orchards, enriched with many

delicious fruits,' it 'surpasseth all the places in this tract.'" Smollett calls it "One of the prettiest towns in Europe."

HOW IT LOOKS NOW

Since that time Glasgow has grown. Its green fields have been covered by substantial buildings, and, as the city spread, the builders forgot to leave breathing spaces, oases of green to rest the eye and to give a little purer air to the lungs. All through the main part of the city there is not a tree, not a blade of grass to relieve the gloominess of the smoke-blackened buildings. The old High Street and the rest of that part of the town which was so beautiful in the seventeenth century is now inhabited by the poorest dwellers. In a city of the size of Glasgow—nearly a million—especially a seaport town, there are inevitably large numbers of the very poor with a great deal of drunkenness and misery. In Glasgow the poor look poorer and more grimy and have more deformities than those of any other city I have visited.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

On the other hand one sees on every hand the evidence of enormous wealth. Glasgow's first great impetus in her commercial career was the result of the discovery of America and the subsequent importation of tobacco and sugar, which came largely through her port. Ever since the middle of the eighteenth century work has been carried on to deepen and broaden the channel of the Clyde, so that now, instead of having a port twenty miles away at the mouth of the river, large sea vessels can come up to the very city. The famous ship-building yards on the banks of the Clyde, where are built three or four hundred vessels a year, some of them the largest steamships, are a wonderful sight. Glasgow is in Lanarkshire, which has the richest coal fields in the world. Coal mining, together with hot blast iron furnaces are her special industries. In early times hand-weaving was carried on all about Glasgow, but this has given way to great factories for the making of cotton and other

textile fabrics. These, with the other industries of the place, explain the exhibition of wealth in Glasgow's splendid, substantial buildings.

THE CATHEDRAL

The Cathedral, which remains much as it was nearly eight hundred years ago, is one of the two which escaped the fury of the Reformation. When the Reformers, who in such case might be called De-formers, demanded the destruction of the cathedral, the municipal authorities gave their consent, but the guilds or corporations rose in wrath and forbade it. So the Reformers were obliged to be content with the destruction of some of the statues in the Cathedral. The result makes one regret that the guilds were not more active in the other parts of Scotland.

The Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Kentigern, is not large, but its interior is stately and rather severely beautiful. Unfortunately a heavy stone screen separates the nave from the choir. Service is held in the choir which is called the High Church. Sir Walter Scott describes it through one of the characters of *Rob Roy*: "The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than an elegant style of architecture; but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. * * * We feel that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornamental."

The crypt is a beautiful piece of architecture with its many lofty and massive pillars. One of the notable scenes of "*Rob Roy*" takes place in this crypt.

THE NECROPOLIS

Beside the Cathedral, on the side of a steep little hill, is the Necropolis or cemetery, crowded with monuments and tombstones. From the summit of the hill is an excellent view of the city. But, however beautiful the town may have been in times past, "beautiful" is not the adjective one

would apply to it now. Substantial, massive, solid—yes! Beautiful—no!

FINE BUILDINGS

The center of the city is George Square where we see the magnificent Municipal Buildings, the Bank of Scotland, and the General Postoffice. In the center of the square is a monument of Sir Walter Scott, a fluted column eighty feet high surmounted by an enormous statue. The streets in this part of the city are broad and handsome, Buchanan Street, lined with fine shops, being the principal business thoroughfare.

Out toward the west side is Kelvingrove Park, a pretty open space where, on Gilmorehill, stand the splendid modern buildings of the University of Glasgow. This university was founded in 1450 and was the second in Scotland, the first, the University of St. Andrews, having been founded in 1413. Not far away are the fine Art Galleries. The love of the people of Glasgow for art and for music is attested by the growth of those arts there and the opportunities for enjoying them. It is possible to hear almost as much excellent music in Glasgow as in London.

The better residential portion of Glasgow is at the West End, and Kelvinside is one of the better districts, the fine Great Western Road being the principal street. The Royal Botanic Gardens in this region are a favorite walk. There are two other pleasure grounds, Queen's Park and Alexandra Park, but each of them is over two miles from the municipal center.

The Broomielaw, a quay eight hundred feet long, is a picturesque sight with its steamers and busy traffic almost in the heart of the city.

SUNDAY CUSTOMS

On Sunday, just before the church service, the streets are thronged with people. When the service (in which the sermon is from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in length) begins, the church doors are locked and are not

opened for tardy comers. As a consequence during the service the streets are like those of a deserted city. Even so late as twenty years ago novel-reading—on Sunday—was in most families discouraged or forbidden. It was not considered right to take walks, but in walking along the Great Western Road in the afternoon with my friends I found that many people were breaking some of those old bonds, the sons of the house usually becoming emancipated before the daughters. I often saw Drummond, whose "Greatest Thing in the World" came out at that time, taking this walk on the Great Western Road. His beautiful intellectual face with its clear-cut features would have been noticeable anywhere.

While I was spending the winter in Glasgow a Japanese gentleman whom I had known in Boston and who had been sent by the Japanese government to study the library systems of the United States and of Europe, wrote from London saying he should be in Glasgow over Sunday, and asking permission to call on me that day. In his note he said, "I was told that Sunday was so much observed in Scotland that once a traveler saw a policeman following up a sparrow which was chirruping the solemnness of the day."

THE CORPORATION

"As for modern Glasgow," say Henderson and Watt, "the Glasgow of the gigantic warehouses, of the crowded forest of ships in far-extending quays and docks, of the hammering shipbuilding yards, of the blazing iron furnaces and steel works, of the hundreds of busy factories, of the long lines of gorgeous shops, of the muggy and soot-laden atmosphere, of the monotonously packed acres of human dwellings—its soul may be said to be embodied in the corporation, and in a manner housed in the magnificent municipal buildings that front George Square. * * *

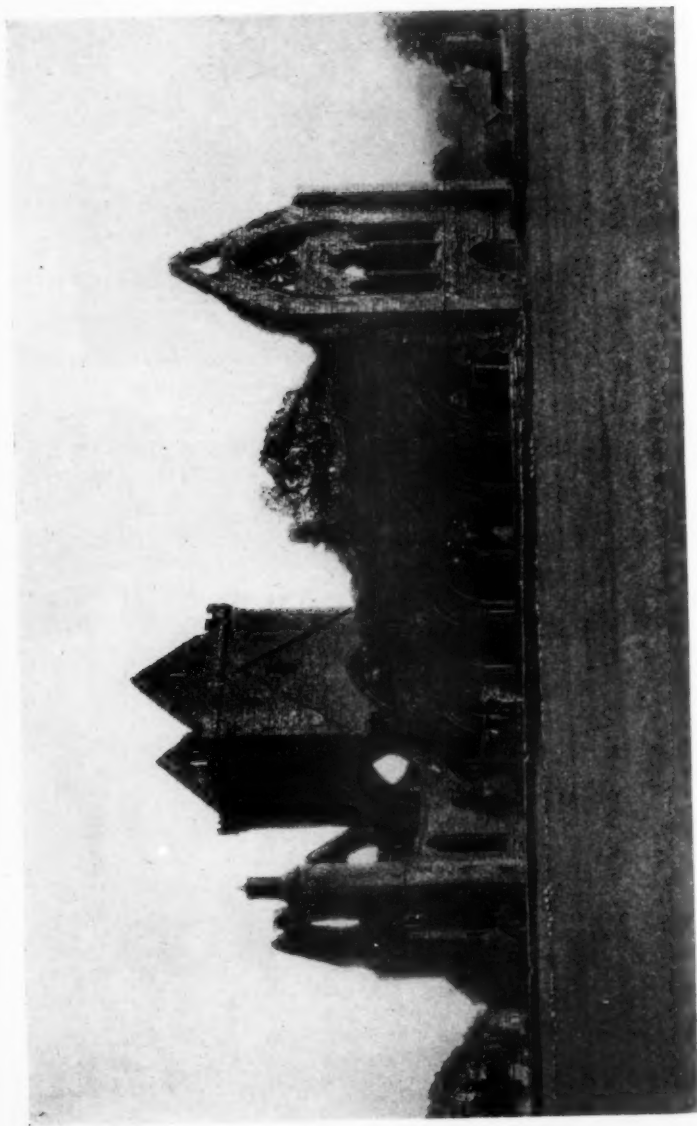
"The corporation is the center and soul of Glasgow, much more than other corporations are the center and soul of other cities. The water-works, the lighting apparatus—



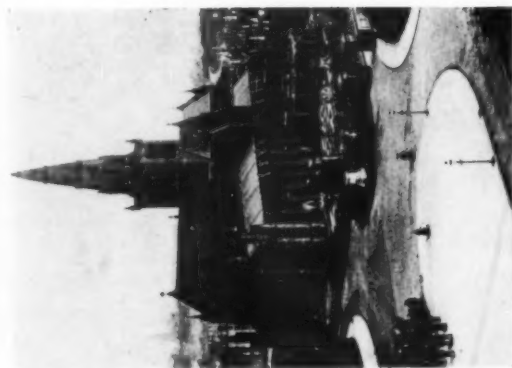
Burns and the Cottage in which he was born



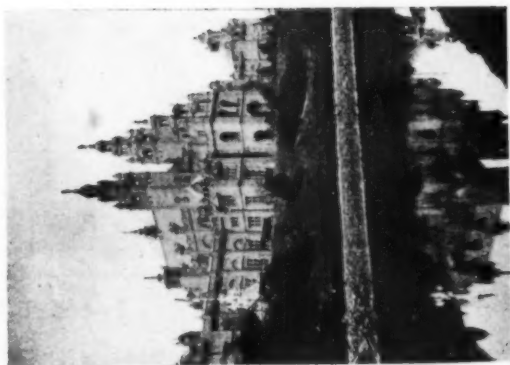
Alloway Kirk



Sweetheart Abbey, Dumfries



Glasgow Cathedral



Art Gallery, Glasgow



Glasgow University



Roseneath House

electric and gas—the baths, the telephones, the tramcars, the splendid picture gallery, the museums, the St. Andrew's Halls, the People's Palace—in the dilapidated Glasgow Green—and many of the libraries are the property of the city in its corporate capacity, and are under the direction of the city officials. In all these respects Glasgow has the reputation of being a model city, and the reputation is fully justified. The predictions of croakers as to the city's imminent bankruptcy or great financial losses have been completely belied. By such later ventures as the telephones and especially by the tramcars she has scored a great financial success. * * * In all that relates to the supply of practical and business conveniences, Glasgow is probably in advance of any other city in Europe. More than this, many of the corporation ventures are run at a handsome profit, or in a manner that otherwise saves the pockets of the ratepayer; and since every new venture is practically to the ratepayer so much gain, the corporation is regarded by the majority of the citizens with an affectionate reverence only second to that which they cherish toward the clergy."

EXCURSIONS

There are numberless delightful short journeys from Glasgow, like the one through the "Scotch Lakes and Trossachs," and there are many pleasant resorts near by, such as Roseneath Castle, one of the seats of the Argyll family. The favorite excursion is by steamer from the Broomielaw, down the Clyde through the Kyles of Bute, a long curved channel between the Isle of Bute and the mainland. This trip may be continued through the Crinan Canal and on to Oban.

LOCAL ACCENT

We cannot leave Glasgow—"Glesca" as it is called by the uneducated—without speaking of the marked accent one hears. Indeed, the accent is quite different in the different cities of Scotland. Two Scots sisters who had many years been separated, one living in Glasgow, one in

.

Edinburgh, finally met. After visiting together for some time one said to the other, "What a twang ye have, Jean-nie!" "Twang! I've nae twang," said the other, "but what an awfu' accent ye have, Maggie!"

THE BURNS COUNTRY

AYR

During some years more people visit the shrine of Burns in Ayr than go to Shakespeare's birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon. Ayr and the surrounding country have changed greatly since the days when Robert Burns lived and toiled and sang and suffered there. His countrymen have erected expensive monuments to his memory and a costly tomb to preserve his earthly remains, while he spent his life struggling for the means of subsistence. The world may count itself fortunate that this struggle could not quench his song which was as irrepressible and spontaneous as is the song of a bird. When we visit Ayr, therefore, we must remember that in the poet's day it was a small place with much poorer houses than we see there now. There were none of the suburban villas that abound at the present time.

THE BURNS COTTAGE

The house in which Burns was born is two miles from Ayr. It was a thatched house, a "clay biggin," and originally consisted of two rooms, a kitchen with a "concealed bed" and a sitting room. It is now kept as a museum. In many of the older houses a bed is built into the wall of the kitchen. In the case of well-to-do people it is for the use of the servants.

Burns was born on a stormy night on the twenty-fifth of January, 1759. Just before the event his father was hurrying away to find an attendant. When he reached the river he found an old woman who asked him to carry her across. Notwithstanding his haste he stopped to comply with her request, and on his return home he found the old

gypsy sitting by the fireside. When the child was born she prophesied, according to his later testimony:

"He'll hae misfortunes great and aina',
But aye a heart abune them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

The prophecy has been so far verified that the Scotsmen's pride in their great poet increases with the years. His songs are chiefly about people and places in Ayrshire, but whatever he touched he immortalized. The following verse gives us a picture of one scene of his boyhood.

"There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin';
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'."*

TAM O' SHANTER

The region about Alloway is the scene of "Tam o' Shanter." The opening scene is laid in Ayr where the so-called Tam o' Shanter Inn still stands. The poem relates that after a jovial evening there Tam mounts his good mare, Maggie, and starts out in one of the wildest storms on record. He passes the landmarks now pointed out to the tourist—

"The cavern
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn,"
and the place

"Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel',"
and at last hears the roaring of the Doon.

"Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were dancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing."

*Hoast—cough; smeek—smoke; ratton—rat.

Tam stopped to watch the fun, and, growing delighted with the mirth, which he encouraged with some roar of his own,

"In an instant all was dark
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied
When out the hellish legion sallied."

Making a wild dash he managed to get over the keystone of the old Brig o' Doon before the witches caught him, but poor Maggie's tail was a second too late.

"One spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ane grey tail,
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

The Auld Brig o' Doon still stands but is closed to all traffic.

YOUTHFUL TOIL

At Mount Oliphant, where his father tried extensive farming, young Burns, while yet in his early teens, had to do the work of a man.

"When I was beardless, young and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or hand a yokin' at the pleugh,
An' though forfoughten sair enugh,
Yet unco proud to learn,
When first among the yellow corn
A man I reckoned was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass;
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked row;
Wi' clavers and havers
Wearing the way awa'."

THE RIVER DOON

We all know the Doon through the lovely song:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care;
Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn—
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

HIGHLAND MARY

Coilsfield, in another part of Ayrshire, is the scene of the "brief and pathetic episode" of Highland Mary. Burns had broken with Jean Armour, who afterwards became his wife, and at this time he met the Highland girl of whom little is known except from the four beautiful poems which she inspired.

"Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary!"

This was not meant as a last farewell, for Mary went back to Argyll to prepare for her marriage to Burns, but when she was on her way south again she fell ill at Greenock and died of a malignant fever. Three years afterward, on the anniversary of the day when he received word of her death comes another song, the last stanza being:

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly brooks with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast!"

BURNS'S LATER YEARS

The most attractive of the poet's homes was the one on the farm at Ellisland. Here he was amid most congenial surroundings and here he wrote some of his best poems. But he did not make a success of his farm which he was finally obliged to give up. He found it necessary to accept the position of excise officer, and to go to Dumfries to live. Here he passed those last sad years of his life unrecognized by the more well-to-do of his fellow-townsmen, who, however, after his death, made great haste to do him honor and to claim him as their own.

Lockhart relates of this time: "A gentleman of that county has often told me that he was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening about this time, to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now,' and quoted after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Bailie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood once fu' fair on his brow,
His auld one looked better than many one's new
And now he lits't wear any way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

O were we young, as we once hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green
And linking it ower the lily white lea!
And winna my heart light I wad dee."

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He immediately, after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner, and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived."

He had many famous visitors while he was in Dumfries, and his prospects seemed to brighten a little, but he was ill, and in 1786 he died. During these last months of his life, as his wife was also ill, he was cared for by Jessie Lawers, the young sister of a brother excise man. In his gratitude for her ministrations he wrote to her some of his most lovely verses:

"O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

NEARBY CHURCHES

There were near Dumfries some interesting places which Burns loved to visit. It was before the altar of the Greyfriars Church that stood here that Robert Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn. One of Burns's favorite haunts was the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, where he composed several of his poems. The ruins of Sweetheart Abbey, a little farther away are well worth visiting. It was built by Devorgilla, the wife of John Balliol, as a shrine for his heart. She herself was afterward interred there with the heart placed on her body.

A ROMANTIC SPOT

A word should be said about Gretna Green, the scene of so many runaway marriages. It is just over the Scottish border not far from Carlisle, and was popular because, according to Scots law, the consent of the contracting parties before witnesses made a valid marriage. An enterprising blacksmith at Gretna Green held himself in readiness to go through the simple formalities and thus made himself popular and wealthy. "In 1856 Lord Brougham's Act required a Scots domicile or a residence of twenty-one days immediately preceding the marriage by one of the parties to make it valid. At one fell blow the unnatural prosperity of Gretna Green vanished and it returned to its ancient state of rustic obscurity."

A LUCKY FLOWER

All through the month of August we shall find the hills of Scotland purple with heather and it reaches the height of its rich coloring during the latter part of the month. It is accounted a particularly happy omen when one finds a bit of white heather which is supposed to bring all sorts of good fortune.

SCOTTISH HUMOR

The Scots have a humor of their own. It is a dry humor and not like that of the English or the Americans. It is true that they do not always see the point of the wit of other nationalities. Some years ago in Glasgow I went with some American friends to hear a lecture by the English Winston Churchill, on his experiences in South Africa at the time of the Boer War. He told several good stories and made many witty remarks, which, perhaps on account of Mr. Churchill's American mother, had an American flavor. Our party would have finished its laugh before a ripple all over the great hall indicated that the Scottish audience was seeing the point.

SCOTTISH FRIENDLINESS

They are delightful people to meet and to know, the Scots people. You will meet them everywhere, too, for they are not only extensive travelers, but, as the Scots families are large and the country is small, when the children are grown they go to far lands to make their homes. It is no uncommon thing for the members of one family to live in several different countries. All through my journey in Scotland the traveler meets the same responsiveness and interest and courtesy from everybody he comes in contact with, whether of humble or noble birth. At the end of the journey there is a warm feeling of having been among friends.

NOTES OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

From Baedeker's "Great Britain."

The Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands is akin to the Welsh, and substantially identical with the Erse of Ireland. Owing to the numerous combinations of silent consonants and other causes, it is less easy, however, to indicate its pronunciation than that of Welsh. It may, however, be useful to bear in mind that the vowels have the Continental, not the English value; and that the frequently occurring aspiration of a consonant has the effect either of softening it or of effacing it altogether (thus *bh* is *v*, *dh* is *y*, *fh* is mute, and *ch* is guttural). The following is a short glossary of Gaelic roots of frequent occurrence in the names of places: *Aber*, mouth, confluence; *achadh*, (ach, auch) a field; *alt*, *ault* (genitive *uilt*), a brook; *an*, a diminutive termination; *ard*, high; *bal*, *baile*, a village or place; *ban*, white; *beag* (*beg*), little; *bein* (*benn*), a mountain; *breac* (*vreck*, *vrackie*), speckled; *cam*, *cambus*, crooked; *ceann* (*kin*, *ken*), head; *clack*, a stone; *clachan* (dim), a village; *dal*, a field; *dearg*, red; *dubh* (*dhu*), black; *dun*, a hill fort; *eas* (*ess*), a waterfall; *fad*, *fada*, long; *fionn* (*fyne*), white, shining; *garbh* (*garve*), rough, rugged; *glas*, grey; *gorm*, blue; *innis* (*inch*), island; *inbhir* (*inver*), same as *aber*; *cil* (*kyl*), cell, church, parish; *coile* (*killie*), wood; *caol* (*kyle*), strait; *lag*, a hollow; *linn*, *linne*, a pool; *mam*, *meall*, a rounded hill; *mor* (*more*), great; *muc* (*gen. muic*), a sow; *cuach*, *quoich*, a cup; *ross*, a point; *sruth*, *stru*, *struan*, running water; *tulloch* (*tully*, *tilly*), a knoll; *tir* (*tyre*), land; *uisge* (*esk*), water; *usquebaugh*, water of life, hence, whiskey.

GLOSSARY

This list gives the accent of the Scottish proper names with their Gaelic meaning, and the meaning of other Scottish words used in the text.

Aberdeen (ab-er-den) in Latin charters, Aberdonia, "confluence of Dee and Don."

Argyle, Argyll (long y), "district of the Gaels."

Ayr (air), "smooth river."

Ballachúlsh (ch guttural; u-oo), "village on the straits."

Bállater, "village on the hill slope."

- Balmoral (bal-mor'-al), "house by the big cliff."
 Bannockburn (ban'-ok-bern), "white hill."
 Benbecula (ben-be-coo'-la), "hill by the strand."
 Braemar (bra-mar'), "brae" or "slope of Mar."
 Breadalbane (bred-al'-ban), "hill district of Alban."
 Bute (but), Bute, son of Kenneth III.
 Callander (cal'-an-der), "wood of the land."
 Calton (call'-ton), "wood on the hill."
 Carse—low alluvial land along a river.
 Cheviot chev'-i-ot), "ridge."
 Crinan (kre-nan), name of the Abbot of Dunkeld.
 Cuchullen Hills, properly Cuil'-lins.
 Culloden (ku-lóden), "at the back of the little pool."
 Dumbarton (dum-bar'-ton), "fort or hill of the Britons."
 Dumfries (dum-fres'), "fort of the Frisians."
 Dunbar (dun-bar'), "fort on the height."
 Dundee (dun-de'), "hill of God."
 Dunfermline (dun-ferm'-lin), "crooked hill of Melyn."
 Dunkeld (dun-keld'), "hill with the woods."
 Edinburgh (ed'-n-bur-o), "fort on the hill slope," influenced by name of King Edwin.
 Eildon (el'don), a "rock hill."
 Elgin (el'-gin—g hard), Norse name.
 Etive (et'-iv), "white pebble."
 Falkland (fawk'-land).
 Gairloch, Gareloch (gair'-loch), "short loch."
 Glasgow (Glas'-go), "greyhound," the name of Kentigern.
 Glencoe (glen-co'), "meeting of two valleys."
 Gowrie (gou'-ry).
 Hebrides (heb'-ri-dez).
 Inverness (in-vernes'), "narrow confluence."
 Inversnair (in-ver-snad').
 Iona (i-ó-na), "isle of waves."
 Jedburgh (jed'-bur-o).
 Katrine (kat'-rin), "mist."
 Kirkcaldy (kir-caud-y), "church of the wood."
 Leven (lévn).
 Linlithgow (lin-lith'-go), "dear broad lake."
 Lochnagar, "loch of the enclosure."
 Lomond (ló-mond), "the elm."
 Oban (o'-ban), "little bay."
 Roslin (ros'-lin), "headland beside the water."
 Rosneath (ros'-neath), "promonotory."
 Roxburgh (rox'-bur-o), "castle on the rock."
 Salisbury (sawls'-bur-y).
 Scone (scoon), a "mass."
 Skye (ske), a "wing."
 Stirling (stir'-ling), "dwelling of Melyn."
 Stronachlácher (German ch), "cape of the mason."
 Tantallon (tan-tal'-on), "fort of the feats of arms."
 Tay (ta), "quiet."
 Uist (wist), an "abode."
 Vennachar (ven-a-char, German ch), "hill with the bend."

Aboon—above	Haud—hold
Ain—own	Haver—talk foolishly
Ane—one, a	Hoast—cough
Bairn—child	Ilk, ilka—each, every
Bawbee—halfpenny	Ingle—fireside
Ben—in the inner room	Ither—other
Bield—shelter	Kelpie—water-spirit
Bogle—hobgoblin	Ken—know
Brae—hill	Kye—cow
Braken—female fern	Laird—landlord
Braw—pretty	Lawing—reckoning
Bree—broth	Leuch—laugh
Breeks—breeches	Links—locks
But—in the outer room	Loch—lake
But and—and also	Loot—let
Byre—cowhouse	Lug—ear
Caller—fresh	Maykin—a hare
Cant or Canty—merry	Maun—must
Carle—an old man	Mon—mouth
Carlin—an old woman	Muckle—much
Chiel—fellow	Nae—no
Claver—talk idly	Nocht—not
Coble—boat	Owre—over, too
Crack—chat	Pawky—sly
Daunton—daunt	Pleuch—plow
Daur—dare	Rashes—rushes
Deid—death	Reek—smoke
Deil—dew	Shoon—shoes
Douce—sedate	Skelp—to scud
Dour—stern	Speer—inquire
Dree—endure	Spence—pantry
Dule—sorrow	Stour—dust
Ee—eye	Syne—since
Ferlie—a wonder	Tent—attend
Flyte—scold	Thole—endure
Fou—full, tipsy	Thraw—twist
Gae—go	Tosh—neat
Gait—way	Unco—extra
Gar—cause	Vaunty—boastful
Gang—go	Wa—wae—woe
Gie—give	Wad—would
Glour—gaze	Waur—worse
Gowd—gold	Wean—child
Greet—weep	Wee—little
	Weird—doom

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"Student's History of Scotland," David Watson Rannie, \$1.25.
 "Mary, Queen of Scots, Her Environment and Tragedy," T. F. Henderson, \$6.00, net. "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," Andrew Lang, \$5.00 net. "A History of Scotland for the Young," Mrs. Oliphant, \$1.50. "Scotland of Today," T. F. Henderson, \$2.00 net. "Bonnie Scotland," \$6.00 net; "The Heart of Scotland," A. R. Hope Mon-

crieff, \$3.00 net. "The Burns Country," Chas. S. Dougall, \$2.00 net. "Scottish Reminiscences," Sir Archibald Geikie, \$2.00 net. "History of Nations," Vol. 12, \$4.00. "The Story of Scotland," John Mackintosh, \$1.50. "The Scott Country," W. S. Crockett, \$2.00 net. "Scotland, Historic and Romantic" (2 vols.), Maria Hornor Lansdale, \$5.00. "Scotland, Picturesque and Traditional," George Eyre-Todd, \$1.50. "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and Poems," Hew Ainslie, \$2.00. "Scotch in History and Poetry," John Campbell Sharp, \$2.25. "Scottish Life and Character," William Sanderson, \$3.00 net. "Scottish Characteristics," Paxton Hood, \$1.00. Baedeker's "Great Britain," \$3.00 net. Black's "Guide to Scotland," \$1.75 net. Sir Walter Scott's Novels, complete works, 12 vols., "Tales of a Grandfather," Sir Walter Scott, 2 vols., \$2.00; 1 vol., \$9.00; \$2.50. "David Balfour," \$1.00; \$1.50. "Master of Ballantrae," \$1.00; \$1.50. "Old Edinburg," \$1.75 net, Robert Louis Stephenson. "Margaret Ogilvie," \$1.25 to \$2.00; "Window in Thrums," \$1.25, Barrie. "Scottish Chiefs," Miss Porter, 25c to \$2.50.

LIST OF NOVELS WITH A SCOTTISH BACKGROUND.

George Macdonald: David Elginbrod, \$1.00; Alec Forbes, 75c and \$1.50; Robert Falconer, \$1.50. The scenes of these novels are in the North Eastern Counties.

William Black: Highland Cousin, \$1.75; In far Lochaber, 40c, 80c, \$1.25; MacLeod of Dare, 60c, 80c, \$1.25; Maid of Killeena, 80c; White Heather, 80c, \$1.25. These tales are of the West of Scotland and the Highlands.

L. W. M. Lockhart: Fair to See, 40c.

Mrs. Oliphant: Margaret Maitland, 50c.

Dr. John Brown: Pet Marjorie, 75c; Rab and his Friends, 20c and up.

J. M. Barrie: Auld Licht Idylls, 25c to \$1.25; A Window in Thrums, 25c and up; Margaret Ogilvy, \$1.25.

S. R. Crockett: The Stickit Minister, 25c and up; The Raiders, \$1.50.

Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren): Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, 25c and up; Days of Auld Lang Syne, \$1.25.

George Douglas Brown: The House with the Green Shutters, \$1.50.

J. J. Bell: Wee Macgregor, 25c and up.

SEAL COURSE FOR C. L. S. C. READERS.

The preceding "Reading Journey Through Scotland" with three additional books form a Chautauqua Seal course. The following books are suggested, but others may be substituted if desired:

Scotland of Today, T. F. Henderson, \$2.00 net; *History of Scotland* in Story of the Nations Series, \$1.50; *Tales of a Grandfather*, Sir Walter Scott, 2 vols., \$2.00, 1 vol. \$2.50. A fee of fifty cents will entitle the reader to the review questions, upon answering which the seal will be awarded.

Two Scottish Experiences

By Franklin Rand Magee

ONE would think it is not only strange but controverting all natural laws to see a cat swimming voluntarily in water; even more so to see a fish on dry land looking for food; or an animal of earth attempting to fly and get its sustenance among the insects that fill the summer air, as do the numerous fly-catchers with whom all are familiar who have studied the birds; but will you not think it almost as strange and unnatural to imagine sea gulls flying far inland and pursuing much the same habits as some other birds?

Nowadays one feels that all who love the out-of-doors have gained some knowledge of bird life, either by casual observation or perhaps by a more or less careful study of the books which are devoted to the interesting subject of the habits of birds and the marks of plumage, their notes or the method of flight by which they may be identified. Whoever lives near the sea has become familiar with the beautiful sea gulls, with their pure white and delicate gray coloring and their graceful flight as they sail leisurely, high in the air, or dart swiftly to the surface of the water and plunge in headlong for the small fishes on which they feed; but who has ever seen a gull amidst a flock of crows, the strongest possible contrast in appearance and differing no less strongly in all the characteristics which we commonly attribute to these birds! One has seen sea gulls flying over the land sometimes, and thought they had come in a short distance to escape a storm at sea; or observe them at certain seasons seeking a nesting place on some quiet lake for the rearing of a brood of young ones. My experience was nothing so ordinary as this.

I was in Scotland, and one beautiful afternoon in June I drove from the station at Melrose about two miles out into the country to Abbotsford, the former home of Sir Walter

Scott. The fields were all in a high state of cultivation. Some were already green with the new growing crops, while in others the farmers were still plowing. In one large field directly beside our road the industrious plowman was turning over the rich earth, and crowding behind him were perhaps thirty or forty crows picking up the worms and insects from the rich soil. What interested me particularly were the white sea gulls, perhaps a dozen of them, mingling with the black crows and feeding upon the ground as naturally and as peaceably as the crows themselves. There was no contention among them; and the black birds, who might have claimed a prior right to feed on the land seemed to share willingly their sweet morsels of food with their web-footed friends.

Later, I discovered that Robert Louis Stevenson had recorded the self-same curious observation; and had found it strange enough to suggest the verses which appear in "Underwoods" entitled "A Visit from the Sea," and which, since they may have escaped other Stevenson lovers as they had escaped me, I quote in full:—

"Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling,
Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying
Here among rocks and roses
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Another interesting experience with birds in Scotland was my first sight, or more wonderful yet, my first hearing, of the skylark.

I was walking in the outskirts of Edinburgh, going out from town to the house where Stevenson lived for a time. My way led through farmland, where the fields invited one to roam quietly and the birds were free from molestation. It was all quite new to me in the character of trees, flowers and other wayside features; and many of the birds were likewise strange. Suddenly the air was filled with a wonderfully sweet and penetrating bird note, a long, sustained song unlike any I had ever heard in America. Instinctively I stopped and tried to fix the direction from which the song emanated, and very soon I discovered a small bird rising directly in a straight line, its wings fluttering in such a manner as to mount upward but not to make any perceptible forward motion. The song was continuous. The bird rose until it was barely visible, but the song was so rich and clear that it was more distinct to the ear than one's sight of the tiny speck in the sky. At the height of the flight, still pouring forth its rich melody in undiminished strength and purity of tone, our little friend maintained its position for some moments, neither rising nor returning; but,

"Now it stops like a bird
Like a flower hangs furled"

and then when it seemed as if I should be blinded by gazing so long into the brightness of a clear sky, I saw the fluttering wings descending and heard the music growing more clear, as the bird glided down to earth in the same straight line by which it ascended, and when about ten feet from the ground stopped fluttering and dropped suddenly to a point very close to its nest.



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MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of 'worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

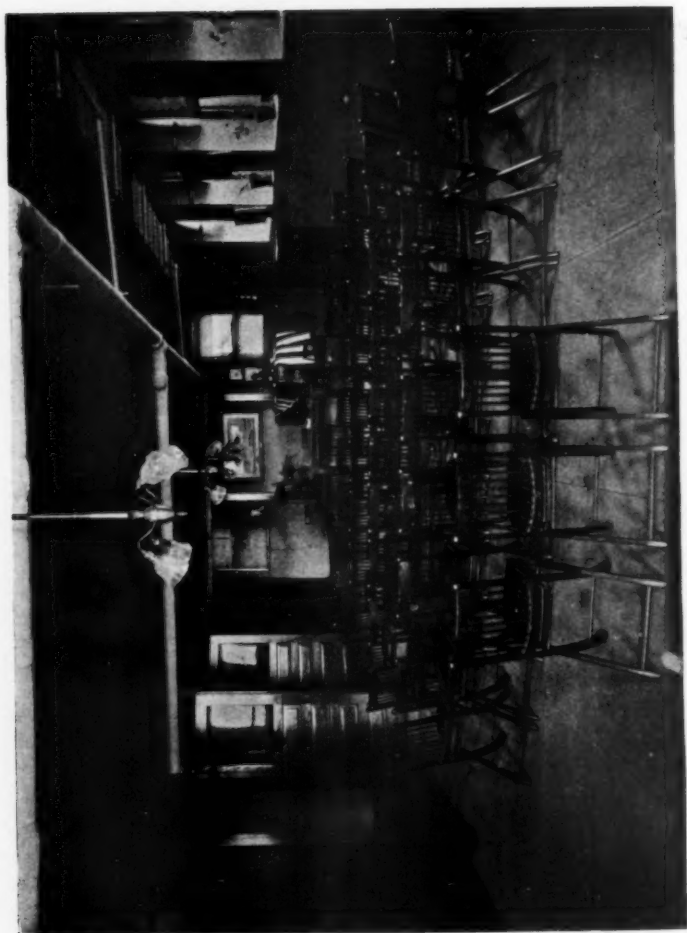
—Robert Burns.

HELPS TO EFFICIENCY.

Everybody comes in touch in one way or another with economic problems. The baby in the soap-box cradle is affected by a change in the wage scale, and the aged millionaire



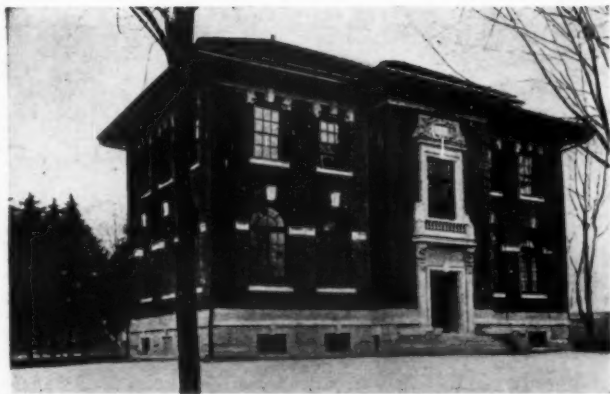
Forge of Vulcan by Velasquez



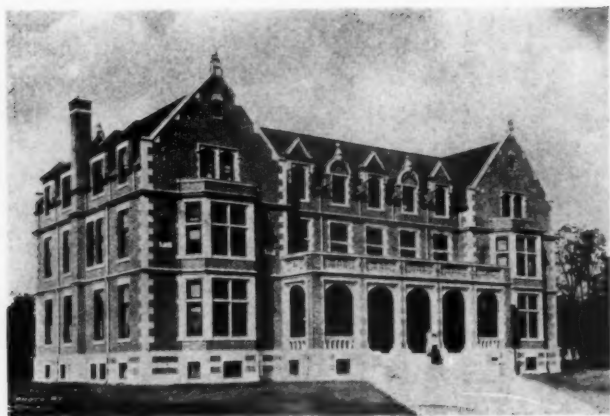
Home of the Fort Dodge C. L. S. C.



Public Library, Fort Dodge, Iowa



Carnegie Library, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania



Girls' Dormitory, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania



Engle Conservatory of Music, Lebanon Valley College, Annville
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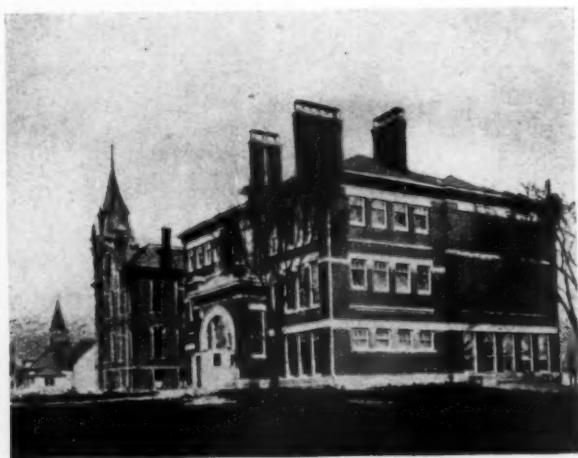
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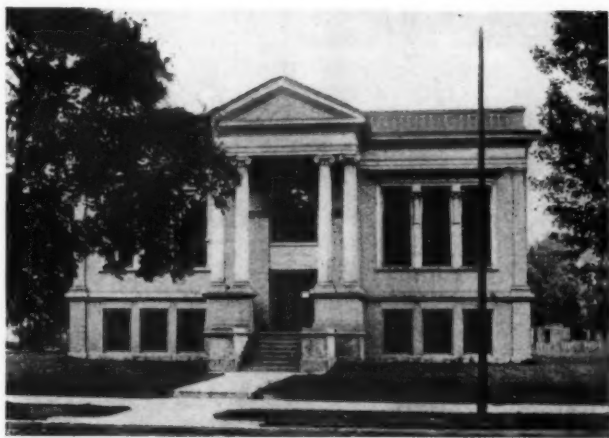
Library at Tipton, Iowa



Schools at Tipton, Iowa



Florida Orange Grove.



Carnegie Library, Paris, Ill.

MISS JOSEPHINE HELENA SHORT



The author of the "Reading Journey Through Scotland" which fills the body of this number is Miss Josephine Helena Short of Mt. Dora, Florida. Miss Short is a New Englander by birth and education, and she might be called a traveler by profession, for in addition to the visiting of many lands on many parts of the globe for her own pleasure, she has chaperoned a large number of European parties. A year spent in Scotland gave her much intimate knowledge of the country, as well as a strong love for its rugged beauty and its romance.

Miss Short's volume on "Oberammergau," published in the spring by the Crowells and reviewed in the July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, is having the vogue justly due to the charm of its description as well as to its usefulness as a handbook. Miss Short has seen seven representations of the Passion Play, but has gone across again this summer to greet once more her Oberammergau friends.



Highland Cattle

takes more than a scientific interest in the amount of rainfall in the cotton states. The man of so-called leisure and the laborer, the city dweller and the farmer, the housewife and the *débutante*—everyone, indeed, who is not the solitary inhabitant of a desert island, comes in contact directly or indirectly with countless manifestations of the relation between capital and labor, the law of demand and supply, the cost of production, and so on. Everybody takes an interest, active or academic, in the child labor problem, the servant problem, or the problem of the unemployed. Everybody knows something of modern attempts to cure existing evils by unions, by the methods of socialism, by the change from the red flannel petticoat philanthropy which Dickens advocated to the "social service" which those who are wise in charities advocate today.

Since the individual's connection with economic problems is so general, it follows that the more he knows of economics and the history of economics, the greater his grasp of these vital questions that meet his daily life, the better prepared he will be to solve the problems and to answer the questions. To this end he must make himself personally efficient. He must read books that broaden his sympathies and enlarge his grasp, he must convert every act that he performs, every thought that he thinks, into a part of the machinery for efficiency. Considered in this light play is something more than mere sport if it oils the machinery into greater usefulness, and work loses the aspect of drudgery if it turns out a definite product.

Systematic reading is a wonderful help to the attainment of efficiency. The testimony of thousands upon thousands of C. L. S. C. readers bears witness to it. Next year's reading, with its direct bearing upon present day aspects of economic questions, is especially well adapted to help the student to an attitude of understanding of the serious matters that meet his community life. The culture of the individual for his sole profit is an idea that passed with the

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passing of the nineteenth century. The culture of the individual for the profit of his fellowmen as well as of himself is the note that rings clearly at the end of this first decade of the twentieth century.

HIGHLAND CATTLE

Down the wintry mountain
 Like a cloud they come,
 Not like a cloud in its silent shroud
 When the sky is laden and the earth all dumb,
 But tramp, tramp, tramp,
 With a roar and a shock,
 And a stamp, stamp, stamp,
 Down the hard granite rock,
 With the snow-flakes falling fair
 Like an army in the air
 Of white-winged angels leaving
 Their heavenly homes, half grieving,
 And half glad to drop down kindly upon earth so bare:
 With a snort and a bellow
 Tossing manes dun and yellow,
 Red and roan, black and gray,
 In their fierce merry play,
 Though the sky is all leaden and the earth all dumb—
 Down the noisy cattle come!

Throned on the mountain
 Winter sits at ease:
 Hidden under mist are those peaks of amethyst
 That rose like hills of heaven above the amber seas.
 While crash, crash, crash,
 Through the frozen heather brown,
 And dash, dash, dash,
 Where the ptarmigan drops down
 And curlew stops her cry
 And the deer sinks, like to die—
 And the waterfall's loud noise
 Is the only living voice—
 With a plunge and a roar
 Like mad waves upon the shore,
 Or the wind through the pass
 Howling o'er the ready grass—
 In a wild battalion pouring from the heights unto the plain,
 Down the cattle come again!

* * * * *

— Dinah Maria Mulock.

THE FORT DODGE, IOWA, CIRCLE

Iowans are noted as enthusiastic Chautauquans, and the members of the Circle at Fort Dodge are no exception. The large and pleasant meeting room of the club is shown in this

Round Table as well as an exterior view of the public Library, whose librarians are eager to co-operate with the C. L. S. C. readers.

WHAT LEBANON VALLEY IS DOING

A college is the natural focal point of the intellectual interests of the surrounding country. This is as true of Lebanon Valley College at Annville, Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, and the institution finds an able helper in the Reading Circle which enters vigorously into the mental and social activities of the place. The Library lends valuable help. The programs are marked not only by thoroughness but by originality. The interest of the community in C. L. S. C. work is kept alive by the coöperation of the local newspaper. A report of every meeting is sent to it regularly from the Circle and occasionally it prints some especially good paper so that it may benefit a wider group than that first privileged to hear it. The note of the day is distribution of good; the Annville Circle sounds the note clearly.

DEERPARK CIRCLE, PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

The town of Port Jervis, New York, has reaped direct benefit from the C. L. S. C. activities, because out of it has grown its Associated Charities, as was explained by Pen-dragon in June. The readers know how to make the most of the advantages offered them by the Library, and they reciprocate by returning good to their fellow-citizens and working to the advantage of the life of the community.

The work of the Classical Year was mapped out with thoroughness at the beginning of the Deerpark Circle, which adopted the plan of assigning a leader for the season for each book and each series. The plan proved satisfactory in every way. The secretary reports that, while all the material was enjoyed, especial pleasure was taken in the study of the "Friendly Stars," "on account of which we have nearly broken our necks star-gazing, but we have acquired at least a bowing acquaintance with the principal

stars, from Capella to Antares, and with the constellations, from the Big Dipper to Job's Coffin—to say nothing of the sleep we have lost in pursuit of that most ill-behaved of comets, Halley's!" The picture of the Circle shown in this Round Table was taken by flash-light at the final meeting of the year.

THE HOME OF THE TIPTON, IOWA, CIRCLE

Rumor has it that the Tiptonians are enthusiastic over the inside finish of their Library, which, with the schools, makes an impressive mass of buildings, as may be seen from the picture in this Round Table. The Tipton C. L. S. C. readers find the working facilities admirable, and make liberal use of them in doing their regular work and their supplementary reading.

THE FORGE OF VULCAN

By way of a bond between the Classical Year and the English Year to come, we are reproducing in this Round Table Velasquez's famous picture, "The Forge of Vulcan." Perhaps our imagination will let us fancy the mighty blacksmith of the gods beating out for the wear of us moderns the armor that is to make us strong against the giants "What's-the-Use" and "Put-it-Off," the reader's strongest enemies. If we are armed with the world-old weapons of Determination and Perseverance we can defy every opponent and end the year in victory.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN CONTRIBUTORS

The New York *Herald* of April 24 last, devotes a page to the work of Miss Crystal Eastman whose book on "Work Accidents" is received in this CHAUTAUQUAN, and whose article on "Charles Haag, an Immigrant Sculptor," made good reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of October, 1907, Miss Eastman, who is a Vassar A. B., a Columbia A. M., and New York University LL. B., has been a settlement worker at Greenwich House, an investigator of the Pitts-

burg Survey, and is now the only woman member and the secretary of the Employers' Liability Commission which has been appointed to study industrial accidents and report on them for this session of the New York Legislature. Miss Eastman's brother, Prof. Max Eastman, is prominent in the "Men's League for Woman's Suffrage."

Readers of "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens" which was reviewed in the July CHAUTAUQUAN will remember the author, Miss Emily Greene Balch, as the writer of the "True Story of a Bohemian Pioneer" in the issue for February, 1908. Miss Balch's connection with Bryn Mawr and Wellesley has never dulled the edge of her interest in the Slavic immigrants whom she constantly has under study.

LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value both to Chautauquans and to the community of circles keeping in touch with local newspapers. Aside from the news interest of the meetings the knowledge that systematic work is being done, and the more or less definite information with regard to what that work is, has a stimulating influence on any town. When, as often happens, local improvement of some sort grows out of the activities of the circle, its good as an important civic factor is clear even to the unobservant. Many groups adopt the plan of having their own reporters, and furnishing the local sheet with copy which is sure to be accurate. Local conditions must govern local methods, but the main idea—to make the advantage of Chautauqua work evident to the community and to induce non-Chautauquans to come into the fold and share the profit—is best carried on through the coöperation of the paper that goes into every home in the place. It is worth the while of every circle to appoint a press committee and to make the spread of the Chautauqua idea a definite purpose.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "A READING JOURNEY THROUGH SCOTLAND."

I. Historical Sketch. 1. How did the position and formation of Scotland expose it to attack? 2. What people did Agricola find in Scotland? 3. What traces of the Romans are left in Scotland? 4. What were the four main races in Early Britain? 5. Discuss Christianity in North Britain. 6. Who united the thrones? 7. Why is Duncan I famous? 8. What foreign enemies invaded Scotland? 9. Describe the reign of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret. 10. What was the growth of Scotland up to the time of David I? 11. Describe the reign of David I. 12. What experiences of William the Lion affected his realm? 13. What intelligent position did Alexander II take. 14. What is said of Alexander III? 15. What connection was there between Edward I of England and John Balliol? 16. Why is William Wallace Scotland's national hero? 17. What did Robert Bruce do? 18. Who fought the battle of Bannockburn and what was its importance? 19. What government organizations did King Robert make? 20. What were the chief incidents of David II's reign? 21. How did the Stuart family come to the throne of Scotland? 22. Relate the life of King James I. 23. By what was the reign of James II characterized? 24. What sort of man was James III? 25. What great changes were taking place everywhere during James IV's reign? 26. Describe his reign. 27. What action of James V stirred the dislike of the nobles? 28. Give the events of the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots. 29. Say something of the activities of John Knox. 30. What was the importance of the Treaty of Edinburgh? 31. What was James VI's attitude toward the Scottish church? 32. Why was Charles I unpopular in Scotland? In England? 33. What was the Solemn League and Covenant? 34. What were Cromwell's activities during the Commonwealth? 35. Who was the first king of the Restoration? 36. What sort of man was James VII? 37. What is meant by the "Glorious Revolution of 1688?" 38. What was Queen Anne's part in the Union of England and Scotland? 39. What Jacobite demonstrations occurred during the reigns of the house of Hanover? 40. What is the present attitude of Scotland toward England?

II. Edinburgh. 1. What elements enter into the fascination of Edinburgh? 2. What is the location of the Old Town? 3. What is known of the early history of the Castle? 4. What were some of the vicissitudes of the Regalia? 5. What rooms in the Castle have especial historical interest? 6. To whom was St. Margaret's Chapel dedicated? 7. What is Mons Meg? 8. What are the uniforms of the garrison troops? 9. What names are given to the different sections of the High Street? 10. What associations are connected with the Church of St. Giles? 11. What was the Tolbooth? 12. On what site does Parliament House stand? What is its present use? 13. Describe the "Riding" of Parliament. 14. To what use was the Cross of Edinburgh put? 15. Name some of the famous people who lived on the High Street. 16. Describe the scene when Durie passed into the city through the Netherbow. 17. How did the Canongate get its name? 18. What is the story of the founding of Holyrood Abbey? 19. Describe Queen Mary's apartments. 20. Mention several other

sights of the Old Town. 22. Give a synopsis of Mackenzie's description of ancient Edinburgh life. 23. What is to be seen from Princes Street? 24. Describe the Scott Monument. 25. What interest is connected with Calton Hill? 26. Name some of the prominent men who have lived in Edinburgh. 27. Who introduced tea into Scotland.

III. The Environs of Edinburgh. 1. What hills are near Edinburgh? 2. On what principle is the Forth Bridge built? 3. What stories are connected with Roslin Chapel? 4. Describe the state of the lady of Rosslyn Castle. 5. What is the history of Melrose Abbey? 6. What is said of the architecture? 7. What interments have been made within the Abbey? 8. What legends are connected with Eildon Hills? 9. What was Sir Walter Scott's great ambition? 10. What rooms at Abbotsford are shown to visitors? 11. What are some of the historic relics gathered by Sir Walter? 12. What is the history of Dryburgh Abbey? 13. Where was the Debatable Land situated, and why was it so called? 14. What poets have written of the Yarrow? 15. What are the associations with Philiphaugh? With Carterhaugh? 16. What characteristics distinguished the monks of Kelso? 17. What is there of interest connected with Roxburgh? 18. What legend is told of Alexander III at Jedburgh? 19. Who was "little Jock Eliot"? 20. How is "Marmion" associated with Tantallon Castle? 21. Why is the Bass rock famous?

IV. Aberdeen, Deeside, and Central Scotland. 1. What is the greatest item of historic interest connected with Linnlithgow? 2. Connect with Dunfermline, Malcolm Canmore, Bruce, Andrew Carnegie. 3. What is the story of Mary Stuart's escape from Loch Leven Castle? 4. What was the immediate cause of the battle of Bannockburn? What its far-reaching result? 5. Tell the story of Bruce and De Bohun. 6. Speak of the later history of Stirling Castle. 7. What changes of name has Perth known? 8. What was its early importance? 9. Recall the events of the 'Poet King's' life. 10. Of what attempted assassination was Gowrie House the scene? 11. What historic personages have occupied Perth? 12. What famous sermon was preached in the Church of St. John? 13. Why is Scone of interest? 14. What claims to importance are made by St. Andrews? 15. What ruined buildings does it contain? 16. How did Wishart die? 17. Describe Montrose's capture of Dundee. 18. For what industries is Dundee well known? 19. What was the importance of the Battle of Harlaw? 20. Explain the connection of Davidson, Mary Stuart, and Byron with Aberdeen. 21. To whom is the Cathedral of Aberdeen dedicated? 22. What colleges compose Aberdeen University? 23. What stories are connected with the House of Drum? 24. What events are suggested by the Howe of Corrichie, Lumphanan, Aboyne Castle, Ballatrichie? 25. Who built Balmoral Castle? 26. Describe the Braemar Gathering. 27. What peculiarities mark Lochnagar and Loch Dhu? 28. How did the Earl of Mar try to help the Jacobite cause?

V. The Highlands and Islands.

1. Through what changes has Elgin Cathedral passed? 2. Recall the story of the 'Prentice's Pillar' in Roslin Chapel. 3. Give an idea of the age of Inverness. 4. What famous names are connected with the Castle of Inverness? 5. Describe the battle of

Culloden. 6. How is the field marked? 7. Of what nature is the scenery of the Orkneys? 8. What buildings make Kirkwall interesting? 9. Compare the scenery of the Shetlands with that of the Orkneys. 10. What is the situation of Lerwick? 11. What are the occupations of the islands? 12. Account for the dark complexions of some of the islanders. 13. What is the charm of Loch Marce? 14. What is the "Great Glen"? 15. What is the nature of the Caledonian Canal? 16. What are the attractions of Loch Ness? 17. What is the height above sea level of the summit loch? 18. What was the connection of Prince Charlie with this section? 19. What natural waterways are passed through in the descent from the summit? 20. What is the highest mountain in Great Britain? 21. Describe the gathering of the clans at Loch Shiel. 22. What is the aspect of the Pass of Glencoe? 23. What excuse was offered for the Massacre of Glencoe? 24. How was it accomplished? 25. What sort of town is Oban? 26. What strange geologic formation is found at Staffa? 27. Why is Iona called the "Sacred Isle"? 28. What burials were made there? 29. What poets have written of it? 30. Describe the scenery of Skye. 31. Name the capital. 32. What is the Quiraing? 33. Tell the story of Flora Macdonald's rescue of Prince Charlie. 34. What are some of the treasures of Dunvegan Castle? 35. Why is Loch Coruisk called "the most remarkable loch in Britain"? 36. What lochs lie about Oban? 37. What places mentioned in "The Lady of the Lake" are passed in the excursion through the Trossachs to Balloch? 38. Whence does Glasgow obtain its water supply? 39. What was Corriearklet? 40. Compare the views from Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond. 41. What adventure had Robert Bruce at the Castle of Dumbarton?

VI. Glasgow and Ayrshire.

1. What is the present importance of Glasgow? 2. What names are associated with its history? 3. What is its motto? 4. For what was it formerly admired? 5. How has it changed since the 17th century? 6. What contrasts does Glasgow present? 7. Of what advantage to Glasgow was the discovery of America? 8. Of what importance is the Clyde to the city? 9. What are the chief industries of the city? 10. How did Glasgow Cathedral happen to escape ruin at the hands of the reformers? 11. To what saint is the Cathedral dedicated? 12. What is called the "High Church"? 13. What makes the beauty of the crypt? 14. Where and what is the Necropolis? 15. Mention some of Glasgow's buildings? 16. Where is the residential part of the city? 17. What is the Broomielaw? 18. Mention some of the Sunday customs. 19. What well-known literary man used to walk on the Great Western Road? 20. What public utilities and public buildings belong to the Corporation? 21. Name some popular excursions from Glasgow. 22. What indication is there of the popularity of Burns? 23. Describe the cottage in which Burns was born. 24. What story is told about Burns's birth? 25. What is the story of "Tam o' Shanter"? 26. What was the work of the poet's youth? 27. What are the well-known lines about the Doon? 28. Recall Highland Mary and her fate. 29. What were the circumstances of Burns's later years? 30. What interesting religious houses are near Dumfries? 31. For what was Gretna Green famous? 32. What is the Scottish "lucky flower"? 33. What is said about the Scots' appreciation of wit? 34. What is the Scottish attitude toward strangers?

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR CLUBS AND CIRCLES

The following programs cover the history of Scotland. Baedeker's "Great Britain" is desirable, and much profit as well as amusement may be gained from the preparation of a Scottish scrap book illustrated by pictures cut from magazines, time tables and newspapers.

FIRST PROGRAM

1. *Map Talk* showing how the position and the physiography of Scotland affected its history. (See this number; Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England;" Hull's "Contributions to the Physical History of the British Isles;" Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain.")
2. *Brief Composite History of Scotland*. (See Section I, Reading Journey through Scotland in this number.)
3. *Review* of "Scottish National Characteristics" (*Living Age*, vol. 102, p. 323); "Characteristics of Scottish People" (W. W. Smith in *CHAUTAUQUAN*, vol. 27, p. 647); "Humorous Characteristics of the Scotch" (Cross in the *Arena*, vol. 19, p. 680); "Traits of the Scotch" (Burroughs in the *Critic*, vol. 4, p. 121).
4. *Paper*. "Scotland as the Romans found it and left it." (See James Mackenzie's "History of Scotland;" Mackintosh's "History of Scotland" in *Story of Nations* series; Church's "Story of Early Britain;" Windle's "Life in Early Britain;" Coote's "Romans of Britain;" "Life in Ancient Scotland," *Living Age*, vol. 10, p. 360.)
5. *Roll Call*. "Ancient Monuments of Scotland" (selected from articles on "Ancient Monuments" in Baedeker's "Great Britain.")
6. *Paper*. "The History of Christianity in Early Scotland." (See Scudder's "Social Ideals in English Letters;" Phillips's "Fathers of the English Church;" "St. Columba Made It" in "Lyra Celtica.")
7. *Readings* from "Poetry and Humor of the Language of Scotland." (*Living Age*, vol. 107, p. 612) or "Literary Men of Scotland" (Constable in *Harper*, vol. 48, p. 501) or "Review of Dorothy Wordsworth's Recollections of a Town in Scotland" (Dennett in *The Nation*, vol. 19, p. 237) or "Ossian" (in Warner Library).

SECOND PROGRAM

1. *Oral Sketch*. "Kenneth Macalpin;" (Mackintosh; Greene's "Conquest of England").
2. *Synopsis* of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with selected readings. (See Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" for a condensed prose version; Sherman's "What is Shakespeare?").
3. *Paper*. "Reign of Malcolm Canmore, as it illustrated feudal customs introduced by the Norman Conquest." (Cheyney; Freeman's "William the Conqueror" and "William Rufus;" Jewett's "Story of the Normans;" Stenton's "William the Conqueror;" Bateson's "Medieval England.")
4. *Story* of the Saxon Alfred (the Great) and the "Scottish Alfred." (Mackintosh; Green's "Conquest of England;" Church's "Story of Early Britain.")

5. *Roll Call*. "The Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, Holyrood, Lincluden, Sweetheart." Location, history, architecture, legends, literature. (Baedeker's "Great Britain;" Dixon's "Abbeys of Great Britain;" Cram's "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain;" Jamieson's "Bell the Cat, or, Who Destroyed the Scottish Abbeys?" Howitt's "Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland;" Rose's "Ruined Abbeys of Britain;" article on "Melrose in *The Builder* for Jan. 1, 1898.)
6. *Dialogue* between William the Lion of Scotland and Richard the Lionhearted of England disclosing their connection. (Mackintosh; Maxwell's "Robert the Bruce.")
7. *Reading* from "Superstitions of Scotland," *Eclectic*, vol. 68, p. 571, or "Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, *Eclectic*, vol. 25, p. 511, or *Living Age*, vol. 122, p. 259, or "The Execution of Montrose" in Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," or "Architecture of Edinburgh" in *The Builder* for Jan. 1, 1898.

THIRD PROGRAM

1. *Quiz*. St. Margaret; *Magna Charta*; Stone of Destiny; Maid of Norway; Bruce and the Spider; the Scottish regalia; The Three Estates; origin of Stuart name; "Hotspur;" "The King's Quhair;" Stirling Bridge; Falkirk; Bannockburn; Nevil's Cross; Chevy Chase; Sauchieburn; Flodden Field; Solway Moss. (See histories and encyclopedias.)
2. *Paper*. "John Balliol." (Tout's "Edward the First;" Mackintosh; Maxwell's "Robert the Bruce.")
3. *Reading*. "William Wallace in Literature." ("Wallace" a tragedy by Walker; "Wallace" a drama by Barrymore; "Sir William Wallace from the metrical history of Henry the Minstrel" by Watson and another version by Macmillin; "Wallace's Invocation to Bruce," poem by Mrs. Hemans.)
4. *Story*. "Robert Bruce the Younger." (See references under 2. Burns's "Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn;" Mackintosh; Froissart.)
5. *Synopsis* of Shakespeare's Henry IV with reading of selected passages.
6. *Roll Call*. "The Life of James I., the 'Poet King'" (Mackintosh).
7. *Review* of "The Decay of Medievalism" in Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England."
8. *Paper*. "Sir Walter Scott." (See Lockhart's "Life," and Poole's Index for articles on many aspects of the author's life, personality and works.)

FOURTH PROGRAM

1. *Discussion*. "Character of Mary Stuart as shaped by heredity and early environment."
2. *Quiz*. "Reign of Mary Stuart." (Rait's "Mary, Queen of Scots;" Lang's "Mary Stuart;" "Scotland of Mary Stuart" by Skelton in *Living Age*, vol. 171, pp. 131, 356, 791; "Scotland before the Reformation," *Living Age*, vol. 30.)
3. *Reading*. Scott's "Eve of St. John."
4. *Paper*. "The Reformation in Scotland." (Mackintosh; "Life and Times of John Knox," *Eclectic*, vol. 30, or *Living Age*, vol.

- 38; "Church History of Scotland," Innes in *Contemporary*, vol. 21; "Calvinism in Scotland," *Living Age*, vol. 137.)
5. *Oral Story*. "Mary, Darnley and Bothwell." (Robertson's *Mary Stuart*;" Coman and Kendall's "Short History of England.")
6. *Sketch*. "Mary and Elizabeth of England." (Yonge's "Unknown to History;" Scott's "The Abbot;" Strickland's "Queens of England.")
7. *Paper* with illustrative readings. "Mary Stuart in Literature." (Whyte Melville's "The Queen's Maries;" Scott's "The Monastery;" Schiller's "Marie Stuart.")
8. *Paper*. "Byron's Youth." (Poole's Index, encyclopedias.)

FIFTH PROGRAM

1. *Roll Call*. "Reign of James VI of Scotland and I of England." (Mackintosh; Jane's "Coming of Parliament.")
2. *Synopsis*. Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" with readings showing James's character.
3. *Paper*. "Chevalier and Roundhead; Charles I. and Cromwell." (Ainsworth's "Boscobel;" Jane's "Coming of Parliament;" Jenks's "Parliamentary England").
4. *Reviews and Readings* of Scottish Ballads (Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" "Ballads of Scotland," Smith in *Living Age*, vol. 53, p. 129, and vol. 56, p. 65; "Ballads of the Border," Hamilton in *National Magazine*, vol. 5, p. 348; "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," *Atlantic*, vol. 51, p. 404).
5. *Paper*. "The Covenanters" (Scott's "Old Mortality;" "Martyrs and Heroes of the Covenant," *Eclectic*, vol. 29, p. 71; Mackintosh).
6. *Recitation* of extracts from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," descriptive of the Highlands.

SIXTH PROGRAM

1. *Paper*. "The Glorious Revolution of 1688" (Jenks's "Parliamentary England;" Macaulay's "History of England").
2. *Song*. "Bonnie Dundee."
3. *Story*. "Glencoe and Killiecrankie" (Mackintosh).
4. *Roll Call*. "Queen Anne's Reign." (Jenks; Mackintosh; "Union of Scotland and England," Lefevre in *Contemporary*, vol. 49, p. 560.)
5. *Paper*. "The Pretender and the Young Pretender in Song and Story" ("The Jacobite's Farewell," Swinburne (poem); "The Jacobites," *Living Age*, vol. 10, p. 537; "Stuart Pretenders," Brady in *Living Age*, vol. 166, p. 218; "Last of the Stuarts," Peabody in *North American*, vol. 38, p. 425; Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavalier's;" Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning;" "London in the Jacobite Times," by Doran).
6. *Oral Review*. "The Scotch in America," CHAUTAUQUAN, vol. 8, p. 303.
7. *Book Review* of "Scotland of Today" by T. F. Henderson.
8. *Paper* with illustrative readings. "Burns." ("The Land o' Burns," Riding in *Harper*, vol. 59, p. 180; "Robert Burns" by R. H. Stoddard in Warner Library.)
9. *Reading* from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"The people of Humboldt, Iowa, are a go-ahead lot," approved Pendragon, looking up from a letter. "Let me read you this." Everybody listened. "This year our circle cleared about \$50.00 from the sale of calendars (25c each), and the money is to go for books for our local library. Next year we plan to have another calendar, thinking the experience acquired this last year ought to be utilized. The Humboldt Circle tries to buy a few books for the library each year—and twice we have given home talent plays. Selling calendars is, however, a much less harrowing procedure!

"We have enjoyed this year's work—as a circle—very much. At our annual holiday party the guests were requested to represent Greek Immortals or heroes and the result was picturesque, to say the least. Zeus and Hera presided. Father Zeus was gorgeous in purple robe and gold paper thunder-bolts, while 'white-armed' Hera produced the required effect by wearing a white coat. Helen—fairest of women—was easily recognized by her prominent looking-glass; 'fleet-footed Achilles' wore wings on his shoes—and *sulked*. Circe had an island rug in the midst of the polished floor and was armed with a gallon bottle of 'magic potion' and a collection of toy animals. We played charades—'Jew-no' for instance—and exchanged penny gifts at parting, among which figured a large bone (from Patroclus's funeral pyre), a tiny doll dressed as Achilles in gold paper armor, and many more.

"We enjoyed the book on Greek ideals especially, also the 'Reading Journey Through Egypt,' and the 'Friendly Stars' has made us all ardent star-gazers. Meeting in the evening each week, upon adjournment, we held an 'open meeting' and star-gazed long and hard. A gentleman outside the circle who possesses a three-inch telescope and a large fund of information as to the heavenly bodies, extended us a standing invitation to come and peer through his glass whenever we chose, so we attended in a body to observe Jupiter and his moons, also our own Lady Moon."



"They are getting out of the course a pretty large percentage of what there is in it for both personal and community profit, aren't they?" commented the member from Westfield, New York. "I want to tell you about our program for 1910. We are S. H. G.'s, and we have filled our meetings with variety. At the first, last October, we had our own Hudson-Fulton celebration and in November we discussed the Peace Movement. December was devoted to consideration of several famous men—Darwin, Poe, Chopin, and Gladstone—while in January we studied very live topics, the present

European rulers and their families, and the subject of immigration as it affects America. In February we took a patriotic survey that extended from Washington (George) to the North Pole. Twain, Rilev, and Ward made us laugh in March, and Shakespeare delighted us in his birth-month, April."

"Our S. H. G. Circle has been doing thorough work, too, in this Classical Year," said the member from Urbana, Illinois. "Our roll-calls have been especially useful because we often use them as reviews of some article in the CHAUTAUQUAN. We had one taken from the story of 'Papyrus Hunting,' I remember, and one on 'Roman Architecture' and one on dates of Egyptian history and one on the Constellations. But what we especially pride ourselves on is our series of lectures. We get the most competent people we can find to talk to us and in that way we have had really authoritative addresses on literature and architecture, and astronomy, and on such vital topics as the child labor problem."



"You supplement your own efforts by outside talent, and that brings you in touch with the community," said Pendragon. "Our Program Committee quotes Emerson very pertinently," said a member of the Abbie A. Hatch Chautauqua Circle of Griggsville, Illinois. "They print on the first page of our Year Book as their 'sentiment': 'Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope or dare too much.'" "A broad and timely hint," Pendragon commented amid the general laughter. "A good many circles," he went on, "are letting their towns know what they are doing by posting an advance copy of their program in a conspicuous place in the local library, or, if there is no library, in the Post Office." "We do it in both places," cried an eager little western woman. "Nobody in our village has any excuse for not knowing what we are doing, and we have gained members that way, too." "The library is more than willing to co-operate," offered a Pittsburger. "I know plenty of librarians who are glad to post the names of books of all kinds that make good reading supplementary to anything that any group of people is studying. They do it on a large scale at the Library in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg. When grand opera comes to town every book and magazine article in the library that has any bearing on the composers of the operas to be given, on the stories of the operas, on the music of the operas critically or explanatorily considered, is listed and the list is placed where it will be of use to the greatest number of people. A similar service is done for all important lectures or for any repertoire of plays presented by well-known actors." "That is a valuable social service," said Pendragon. "Here is a

report 'in the Chautauqua spirit' from the hard-working circle at Grand Island, Nebraska," he continued. "The secretary says: 'Our Grand Island C. L. S. C. has enjoyed a prosperous year. The membership is not large but very seldom do our members absent themselves without reasonable excuse. We have enjoyed a talk on "Travels in Egypt" by one of our local pastors. Parts of our evenings have been spent in the open air making "The Friendly Stars" more practical to us. We have been entertained at the home of our President, giving our regular program besides enjoying the entertainment and social time provided by our Hostess. Several good books along the line of our study have been added to our public library. We have been broadened by the line of work presented by the Faculty this year. Some members have found the magazine articles most helpful while others have enjoyed the "Friendly Stars" and "Social Life at Rome." It is our wish that all C. L. S. C.'s may have been benefited as much or more than our Grand Island Circle.'"



"Pendragon, aren't Iowans always enthusiastic Chautauquans?" demanded a voice from a discussion corner of the room where "Towa" vied with "Indiana" and "Ohio." "Ardent," replied Pendragon promptly. "Here is a letter from Lineville, Iowa, by way of testimony": "Our Circle will graduate ten members this year at Allerton Assembly in August. Many of that number wished to go to Chautauqua Lake to receive their diplomas but some of us older members have persuaded them that they can do the cause more good by having a larger class here. This year they are to have a Round Table and a Recognition Day. I do not know how many graduates there will be from other places. I want to tell you of the first Chautauqua in the Yosemite Valley, California, last year. I was there. Very pleasant features of the work were lectures on botany and geology by teachers from Sanford University. Each morning at nine they would lead the way to some point of interest in the beautiful valley, gathering material as they went and then in turn they lectured while we were seated on the sand or rocks. Once they took us to the very foot of the Yosemite Falls where we were in the spray like a hard rain, then retreating from the roar of the Falls we seated ourselves in the sun to dry and listen to simple lessons in the botany and geology of the Valley; another day we walked to Mirror Lake in time to see the sunrise, then to Happy Isles, next to Vernal Falls. Last but not least, we took horses and rode to Cloud's Rest, starting in early morning, making a climb of fifteen miles, and returning late that evening. Thirty miles in the saddle! Not many

of us were able to attend the lecture held in the Pavilion next morning. I enjoyed the Chautauqua very much; we had some very fine speakers. As everyone who had a season ticket was entitled to speak, I told them that we thought on the east side of the Rockies that Chautauqua was very much alive and had hoped we were making noise enough to be heard across the continent, and that the Chautauqua plan was broad enough for the world, therefore, surely for Californians. I think they will plan for C. L. S. C. work this year."

"That's the spirit that has sent the reading course around the Globe," said some one, and the Round Table rose amid applause.

Talk About Books

WORK-ACCIDENTS AND THE LAW. By Crystal Eastman. New York: Charities Publication Committee. Russell Sage Foundation. \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.65.

The second volume of the findings of the Pittsburg Survey is "Work-Accidents and the Law," by Crystal Eastman, who is a member of the New York State Industrial Accident Commission and its secretary. The subject is considered under three heads, the first treating of the "Causes of Work-Accidents," the second of the "Economic Cost of Work-Accidents," and the third of "Employer's Liability." Miss Eastman's discussion is based upon the study of a year's industrial fatalities and three months' industrial injuries, something over a thousand cases in all, in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. The population of this Pittsburg "Steel District" is about a million and contains 70,000 workers in the steel mills, 20,000 in the mines, and 50,000 on the railroads, the great employment groups coinciding with the great accident groups. Miss Eastman's work divides itself into a determination of the responsibility in the cases examined, and a decision as to the material loss and deprivation to the injured workmen and the families. In the year from July 1, 1906, to June 30, 1907, 526 men were killed and 2,000 men injured by work accidents in Allegheny County. Of these 42.5 per cent. of the men killed were American born, and 70 per cent. was skilled labor. In separate chapters are taken up the kinds of accidents happening on railroads in soft-coal mines, in steel mills, and in miscellaneous occupations, as learned from specific cases. In yet another section the question of the placing of responsibility is examined with conclusions contrary to the often repeated statements of employers and superintendents that "95 per cent. of the accidents are due to the carelessness of the man who gets hurt." Without question the most valuable contributions of the book are the suggestions offered for the prevention of such disasters as those on which the study is based.

Looking into the question of loss of income resulting from these accidents Miss Eastman reaches this conclusion: "We can assert, therefore, without qualification, that the distribution of the economic loss from industrial accidents revealed by this study—which leaves the injured man and his dependents to bear the entire burden in over half the cases, and relieves them only in rare instances of an appreciable share of it,—is in its very nature unjust." The "manner and measure of actual hardship this injustice brings to those who suffer it" is detailed with the poignant force of calmly stated fact by examination into the changed living conditions of the families of the victims of the accidents, while the problems attending injury, often more complicating to family affairs than death, are found to spell economic loss that is unjust to the wage-earner and a detriment to society.

Elements of hopefulness in the situation are found by the author in (1) the more or less consistently generous policy of certain companies; (2) the establishment of relief associations; and (3) the existence of the Carnegie Relief Fund. The practical working of these policies is explained in detail.

In summing up Miss Eastman says that the facts set forth in Part I "have revealed that while, roughly, one-third of the accidents are unavoidable, and one-third due to the human weaknesses of the workmen, . . . about one-third are due to an insufficient provision for the safety of workmen on the part of their employers. The facts set forth in Part II have revealed that the inevitable economic loss resulting from the accidents rests in the great majority of cases almost altogether upon the workmen injured or the dependents of those killed; . . .

"Our facts, therefore, . . . justify legislative interference," and in Part II the author, who is herself an attorney, discusses the law of "employer's liability" as it has developed from common law usage, certain "By-Products" of the laws and legislative suggestions to remedy existing faulty conditions.

Unusual among appendices is Miss Eastman's account of the brave spirit of the trouble-tried people with whom she came in contact. Among other additions to the books are an article by John Fitch on "The Process of Making Steel" and one by David S. Beyer on "Safety Provisions in the United States Steel Corporation."

The illustrations of this volume are valuable not only as containing records of fact, in the photographs, but works of definite art value in the wash drawings by Josephine Stella. The gathering of typical workmen's heads makes a valuable addition to the ethnologist's collections.

